

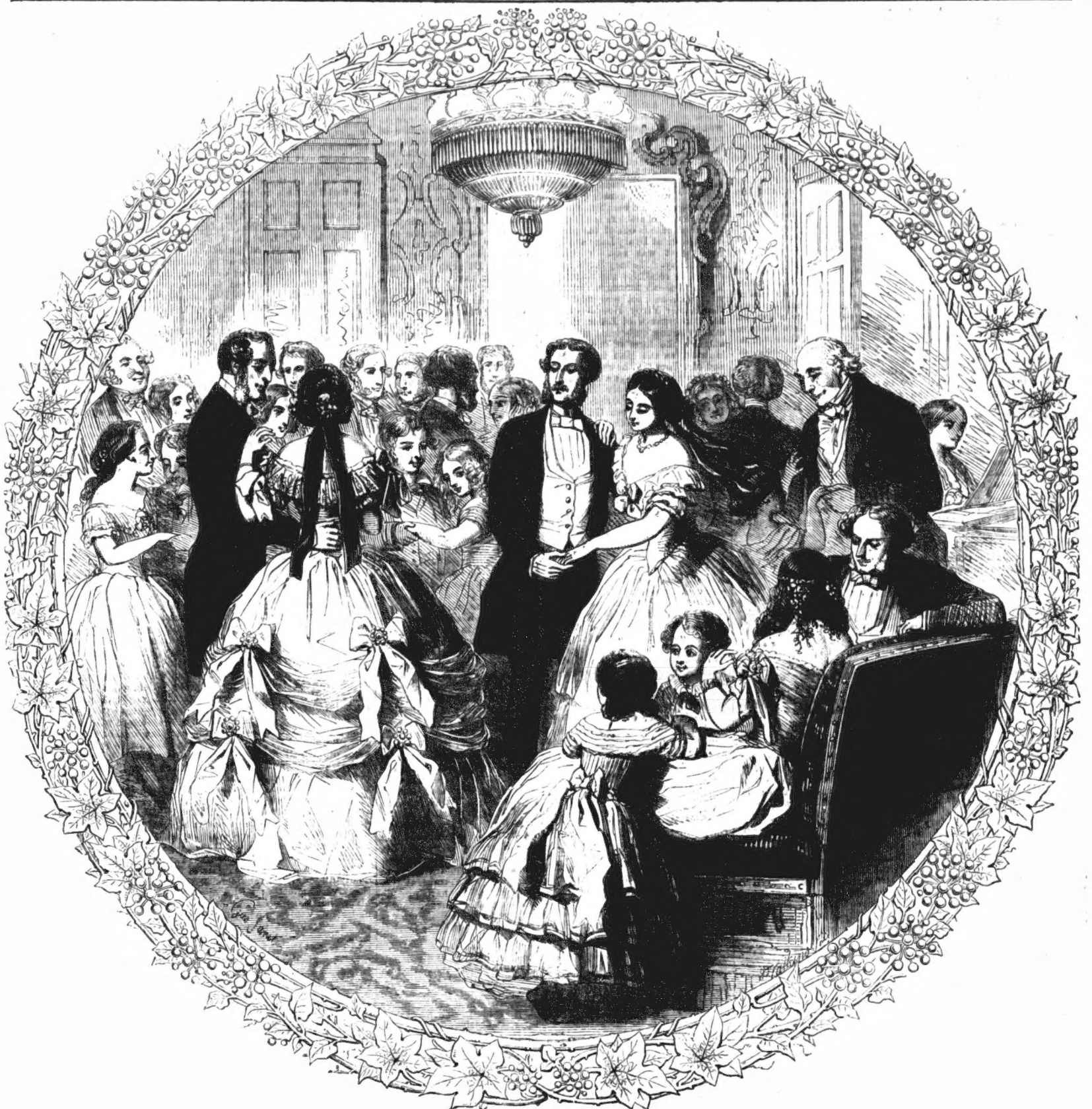
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**PENNY ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWS.**



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ONE PENNY.



A CHRISTMAS PARTY.—THE BALL IN THE EVENING. (See page 464)

THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.

This year the pantomimes most assuredly surpass in beauty and novelty those of any previous year. Individually, some of them may have been more brilliant, but certainly not, as a whole, have greater pictures of fairy scenes and "homes of bliss" come up to this year's production. On pages 456 and 457 we give a large illustration of prominent scenes at ten of the theatres, and shall confound ourselves this week to the plots of those only which we have illustrated. In our next we shall make further comment, and also give the plots of the pantomimes at the other houses.

HER MAJESTYS.—The pantomime by Henry J. Byron, entitled "The Lion and the Unicorn Fighting for the Crown," is well produced by Mr. W. Harrison, and admirably arranged by Mr. Edward Sirling. The first scene represents the "Home of the Demon Sulka" (Mr. Anderson), who has a special objection to Robin (Miss Furtado), a huntsman, who persists in retaining his natural cheerfulness. The Fairy Good Temper (Miss E. Bulton) proposes friendship for the youthful hero, and she makes a compact with the Demon. The Demon agrees that if Robin can refrain from losing his temper up to the time of his marriage he shall never more be molested. The scene then changes to an "Enchanted Forest." King Roaryborealis, otherwise termed the Lion (Mr. House), his cub (Master Newham), is hunting with retainers. Great is his indignation at the evident proofs of poaching, and terrific his vows of vengeance against the evil doers. What is his horror and indignation when at luncheon the poacher Robin rushes in and commands the King "to forbear and eat no more." Still greater is the leonine indignation when Robin makes furious love to the Princess (Miss Cottrell), whilst Roaryborealis, like Lord Ullin, is "left lamenting." The young poacher bears away the Princess to his home. A Gorgeous Palace, March of the Unicorn Guards, Fairy Elves, and the smallest drummer in the world. He attempts to make up by affectionate kindness for his conduct in bearing her away. But she is obdurate, though she has in reality fallen in love with the handsome youth, as might be expected. Suddenly, however, a dreadful noise is heard, and the news that the palace is being besieged is brought to the distracted Robin. Then the Princess admits she loves her captor, that she will fight for him, and their troth is plighted at the moment of danger. Roaryborealis, aided by his "creature," Flunkeybus (Mr. Enderohn) who is a most amusing mixture of the Major-Domo and the modern "Jeames" and all the Lion retinue burst into the Castle. Terrific combat. The Fiery Tamed Steed, the youthful Robin, whose great is a Unicorn, is beaten "all round the town," until meeting the King alone, a tremendous encounter takes place between them. Fortune turns upon Robin, and he is covered with manacles. The demon Sulka thinks this is a most favourable moment for testing Robin's temper, and he asks him to admit that he is in a bad temper, but Robin replies that he was "never better tempered in his life," at which his chains fall from him, and the Demon gives him up. Then the wicked King, who, it appears, is an usurper, and has seized his nephew's kingdom, is about to destroy the will which he carries in his bosom, but Robin, who announces himself Prince Unicorn, the "rightful heir," tears it from him, and would put him to shame but for his love for the Princess, who suddenly falls into his arms, and the usurping parent, who becomes repentant, blesses the union of the happy pair. A Grand Transformation then takes place, "The Maze of Silver Dew Drops, Splendid with Glistening Gems," forming a *comp d'oeil* of unsurpassing splendour and novelty. One great effect we must specially mention. In the famous ghost patent there is seen on the stage the figure of one who is not on the boards. Here we have the converse of that illusion. A character really on the stage is, without moving, made instantaneously visible and invisible, or may be made to appear in any stage of vapouriness. To Mr. Joseph Maurice we are indebted for this effect, which is one of the most curious of modern inventions. To be appreciated it must be seen; as it is even more strange than Popper's Ghost. Miss Furtado plays Robin very well, and Mr. John House represents King Roaryborealis with his wonted vigour. Mr. Enderohn is a capital Flunkeybus, or toady of the kingdom. In a word, the Christmas pantomime will be one of the most popular of the season; for, while the manager and the company have done all that they could, the scene-painters, Messrs. Danson and Sons, have produced some wonderfully attractive scenes, which, with the optical illusion, will become the rage of the town. The Harlequinade includes—Columbine, Miss Dorling; Harlequin, Miss Davis; Harlequin, Mr. Ash; Pantaloon, Mr. Paulo; Clown, Mr. Enderohn; Sprites, the Brothers Delevanti; and the One-Legged Clown, the graceful and agile Capello.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Christmas entertainment produced by the directors of the Royal English Opera Company, "Cinderella; or, Harlequin and the Magic Pumpkin and the Great Fairy of the Little Glass Slipper," supplied by those well-tried caterers of comicallities the Brothers Grinn; but it owes to Mr. Augustus Harris, the active stage-manager, the splendour of its artistic surroundings and the taste of its fanciful groupings. The outline of the famous story is strictly adhered to, but some diverting deviations have been made in the details of the plot. The opening scene is the *Hermitage of Hobgoblin*, a discontented spirit, who has betaken himself to seclusion. The fairy Papillon, recovering her form from that of a butterfly, into which she had been changed, woos him from his solitude, and finding that the only mortal he cares about is the selfish Prince Ugolino, who is excessively fat and indolent, offers to prove to him that love can change a churlish disposition for the better, and render existence on earth much more enjoyable than Hobgoblin imagines. The experiment is made, and in the *Dell where the Butterfly Fairies* resort, the selfish Prince, who goes there with a hawking party, is made to behold a vision of the fair Cinderella (Miss Clara Denville). He is smitten, and sends forth at once invitations to a ball, that he may discover the name of the beauty. The next scene shows us the mansion of the Baron Pampolino (Mr. W. H. Payne), who, with his two elder daughters, treat the younger one, called Cinderella, with traditional cruelty. The Baron receiving the Prince's summons, prepares for the ball, and those who know the exuberant humour with which this great pantomimist portrays the arrangements of the toilet will readily understand the fun created by his preliminary embellishment. The good fairy takes compassion on Cinderella, and with that series of transformations with which all readers of fairy literature are familiar, enables her to join her sisters and the Baron with an equipage far more brilliant. The ball-room scene is an exceedingly splendid one. The awful Hobgoblin, who has managed to go in disguise, puts the palace clock back a quarter of an hour, and thus misleads the dance-delighted Cinderella, who leaves her glass slipper behind her in the hurry of her flight. Everything changes back to its former condition, but the prince, having announced by proclamation that he intends to marry the lady whose foot will fit the glass slipper, Cinderella ventures to try, and with what success no one will require to be informed. The Transformation Scene represents the Fairy's Chronometer, where each figure on the dial changes into a flying fairy, and shows how rapid is the flight of the hours when passed in such exceeding pleasant company. This scene is by Mr. T. Grieve. The enormous size of the stage, and the outlay he has at command, have aided him in the production of one of the most original transformation scenes yet presented. A loud summons from all parts of the house brought on Mr. Grieve, and another

loud call made Mr. Augustus Harris appear. The harlequinade with the Paynes, jun., as Harlequin and Clown, and the veteran Paul Herring as Pantaloon, is replete with whimsical changes, and the Wimbledon Review Scene introduces the one-legged dancer, Donato. He is rather under the middle-size, and, with only one leg, achieves all the saltatory impossibilities usually achieved by male dancers with the ordinary number of limbs. He plays the castanets as he dances, and creates a singular effect with a scarlet cloak, which, floating in the air as he twirls round, gives him the appearance of having the same number of legs as the late Messieurs Vestris and Grimaldi. No pains and no cost have been spared to render this pantomime the most brilliant ever produced on this stage. The pantomime was preceded by Mr. Benedetti's new and charming one-act operetta, "The Bride of Song." Characters played by Miss Thurlwall, Madame Fanny Huddart; Messrs. Henry Haigh and Alberto Lawrence. The theatre was crowded in every part.

DRURY LANE.—The title is "Hop o' My Thumb and His Eleven Brothers; or, Harlequin and the Ogre of the Seven League Boots," by Mr. E. L. Blanchard. On the rising of the curtain the spectators find themselves in the upper regions of the atmosphere, where they will meet with a Lapland Witch named Okriki. As her friend Fee-Fo-Fum, the Ogre (Mr. G. Belmont), has grown too stout to pursue his prey, the Witch has engaged two Demon Cobblers to make for him a gigantic pair of boots, capable of accomplishing seven leagues at a stride, the material being supplied out of the swift-flying clouds about them. Whilst brewing a storm the Man in the Moon appears, and, putting the hag to flight, inquires of the various constellations where a mortal capable of vanquishing this terrible Ogre is to be found. The Solar Rays are likewise asked to give their assistance, and the selection is made of the youngest son of a poor Woodman, who has been once a nobleman, but who is now, in greatly changed circumstances, burdened with a family of twelve children. This little fellow, named Tiny Thumb (Master Percy Roselle), and afterwards so renowned as "Hop," falls in saving his brothers from being lost in the forest, whither they are taken by the father with the view to get rid of them; but he receives unexpected aid from those Northern Elves, known as "Trolls," who appear in vast numbers and guide him to the Ogre's castle. Here they establish amicable relations with the twelve daughters of the Ogre, and are enjoying a dance when the Ogre returns and rapidly resents this intrusion on his privacy. Hop o' My Thumb is pursued by the Ogre in his seven-leagued boots, but, going to sleep by the way, little Thumb contrives to remove one of the boots, and, putting it on, manages to stride three leagues and a half with one leg. An exciting chase then ensues, the effects of the capture being the appearance of Actina, the active principle of the Solar Rays, and the whole of her attendant Sunbeams. This is the great scene in which Mr. William Beverley gives us his periodical illustration of the wonders of the scenic art. To say that the scene is magnificent falls far short of what it really is. The sunbeams amidst the mosses and larches in the ballet scene, and the stirring pursuit of the Ografter Thumb, which takes place amidst the snowy mountains and frozen plains of the North of Europe, is another triumph. The most dazzling effects are produced in this scene, and the numerous and beautiful changes which appear before the transformation of characters is effected puzzle description. In affirming that this scene is one of the most brilliant and surprising ever produced, even at Drury Lane and by Mr. Beverley, we express no more than what was said or felt by every one at the theatre on Monday. We may further state that Mr. Beverley received a rapturous recall for the transformation scene; that Miss Lydia Thompson—an immense favourite at Drury Lane—was received with acclamations, and created a furor in a dance melody; and that Master Percy Roselle exhibited a very remarkable talent in his performance of Little Hop o' My Thumb. The cast is unusually strong, embracing Miss Lydia Thompson, as Sunbeam, who assumes the form of one of the Ogre's daughters; Miss Helen Howard, as the Man in the Moon; Miss Hudspeith, as Actina; and Mr. Tom Matthews, as Daddy Thumb, the Woodman. The harlequinade employs a double company, Messrs. Harry Boleno and C. Lauris as Clowns, Mr. W. A. Barnes and J. Morris as Pantaloons, Mr. Cormack and Mr. S. Saville as Harlequins, and Madame Boleno and the Misses Gunnes as Columbines. The theatre was crowded to suffocation in every part, but the holiday folks were unusually quiet and well-behaved.

SURREY.—"Harlequin King Pumpkin; or, Richard ye Lion Heart," is the title of the pantomime here, and will sustain the reputation of the house for these annual displays. Richard Cour de Lion, according to the author, is induced to undertake the Crusades by a little affair of the heart. He is enamoured of Beauty, the only daughter of King Marrophet, monarch of the Pumpkin Islands. The lady, however, is affianced to Saladin, a sultan and a sorcerer, who, without caring to go through the tedious process of courtship, carries her off, in company with King Marrophet and Prince Pumpkinsquash, her brother, to Palestine, where he imprisons her in a "Saracen's Seraglio and Harem of Jewels." Richard is not long in gaining access to Saladin's palace, and thither also comes the faithful Blondel, to aid him in his project of rescuing Beauty. Their intentions are frustrated by the wicked Saladin, who, with the aid of his powerful spells, changes King Richard into a tame lion, and sends his faithful page away into the wilderness, bound, a la m nken, to the back of an untamed, fiery-donkey. After innumerable wanderings this untamed, fiery donkey carries its rider back to the neighbourhood of Saladin's palace, and the sultan himself is so terror-stricken at the apparition—which goes by the name of the "volpyn" in those parts—that he makes off without thinking to take with him his magic sword and shield. These valuable properties, which have the little peculiarity of conferring cabalistic power upon their owner, are immediately taken in possession by Blondel, who extricates himself from the body of his "mount." By the assistance of the sword and shield King Richard and the Princess Beauty are at once released from the power of Sultan Saladin, and pantomimic justice is forthwith satisfied in the most complete manner by the transformation of Richard and Beauty into Harlequin and Columbine, of Saladin into Pantaloon, and of Blondel into Clown. The Transformation Scene, which is called "Volcanic Caverns of Crystal and Stream of Liquid Lava," is the work of Mr. William Calcott, who was brought forward by Mr. Shepherd to make his bow in reply to a most enthusiastic call from the audience. In *Madle*, Constance the Surrey management has decidedly made an acquisition. She possesses a remarkably rich contralto voice, dances well, and gives all her points with great piquancy. Miss Julia Weston made her first appearance at this theatre in the character of King Richard. The harlequinade is full of striking mechanical effects, and the exertions of the pantomimists are distinguished by the activity, energy, and thorough devotion to the festive occasion which always distinguish the Christmas productions at this theatre.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The pantomime here is "Sir Hugh Myddelton and the Fairy of the Crystal Stream, or Harlequin and the Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," by Charles Millward, Esq. The curtain rises, and discloses a view of Black Mary's Hollow, Bagnigge Wells, and the Penitential Abode of the Water Poisoners. Mother Shipton (Mr. W. S. Foote), who has taken refuge here under the assumed name of Black Mary, relates how she has succeeded in diverting the waters of the Islington springs, and the assembled witches revel in the anticipation of the evils arising from a scarcity of pure water. In the vicinity of the Witches Cavern is the inexhaustible Crystal Stream, and guarding this stream is the fair Roseleaf (Miss Ethel Summers), a daughter of the tyrannical Bailiff of Islington (Mr. William Ellerton), who has

been imprisoned here from her infancy, and, until her release is effected by mortal power, Mother Shipton and her associates can ply their nefarious trade. Telegram (Miss Lizzie Harrison), a fairy attendant upon Aqua, the Spirit of the Stream (Miss Maggie Campbell), disturbs the witches' revels, and informs them that Roseleaf's imprisonment will soon be at an end. Scene the second introduces us to the tyrannical Bailiff of Islington, who is roughly dispensing (in)justice in the Old Hall of Islington. His other daughter, the ugly Grumbolino (John Mordant), is presented to the assembled courtiers, but the gift is unanimously refused. A deputation arrives with a lamentable account of the sufferings of the inhabitants through want of water, and Telegram appears with a message from the King, in which the Bailiff is commanded, on pain of his head, to obtain a supply of fresh water for the suffering people of Islington and Olerkenwell. The Bailiff offers the hand of his daughter to him who shall discover the Crystal Stream. The next scene displays a view of Sadler's Wells two hundred years ago. Here Mother Shipton is dispensing the waters to Grumbolino and others. Popinjay (Miss Emma Anstey) a gay young City spark, being smitten with the charms (?) of Grumbolino, announces his intention to set forth in quest of the magic stream, and the Bailiff gives his ready sanction. In the meantime, Hugh Myddelton (Miss Lizzie Wilmore), a goldsmith's apprentice, has quitted his situation, and after reading the Bailiff's proclamation, announces a determination to explore the hidden stream. A romantic glade in the Enchanted Forest shows us the first stage of the journey undertaken by the adventurous youths. Popinjay is the first to arrive, but is intercepted by Mother Shipton. Hugh Myddelton then arrives, weary and disheartened, seeks repose, and in sleep it is shown to him how the enchantment of Roseleaf can be dissolved. The following scene discloses the Sylvan Retreat of Aqua and the Wood Nymphs. After the ballet Popinjay appears, but is speedily put to flight by the Wood Nymphs. Hugh Myddelton is more fortunate. He calls aloud for Roseleaf, when the Crystal Stream is at once disclosed, and the Bailiff's daughter is seen. Hugh and Roseleaf fall in love with each other, but their joy is interrupted by Aqua, who informs them that much remains to be done. Hugh is commanded to proceed to Court and make known to the King the important secret he has discovered. Afterwards he is to demand from the Bailiff the hand of his daughter. St. John's Gate, Olerkenwell, is next disclosed, with the Bailiff and Grumbolino awaiting the return of Popinjay. Hugh Myddelton appears and announces the discovery of the stream, but the Bailiff treats him as an impostor, and orders him to be conveyed to the deepest dungeon in Islington. Roseleaf, having followed her lover, finds herself for the first time in her life in the haunts of man. Perplexed and delighted with what she beholds, she approaches a large mirror, and is startled by the reflection of her own form in the glass. This reflection dissolves the last link in the spells of Mother Shipton. The Bailiff recognises his long lost daughter, and, grateful for the services rendered by Hugh Myddelton, orders that youth to be set at liberty. It is found, however, that Shipton has succeeded in conveying him to her cavern, and he is on the eve of being sacrificed, when, by the aid of Aqua and her active satellite, Telegram, the Bailiff and his followers are guided to the spot, and a happy change is effected to the glittering scene of the transformation, the harlequinade being constituted by Roseleaf (Columbine), Miss A. Batty; Hugh Myddelton (Harlequin), Mr. J. Carera; Bailiff (Pantaloon), Mr. W. Lacy; and Popinjay (Clown), Mr. Buck. The scenery by Mrs. W. A. Broadfoot, W. H. Williams, T. Gray, and assistants. The whole is arranged and produced under the personal supervision of the talented directress, Miss Marriott, who has this year furnished a rare treat to the playgoers of the north of London and the City. The local scenes and illusions are well taken up. The scenery was loudly applauded by a crowded audience, and the pantomime passed off most successfully. We shall further particularise the performance in our next.

STANDARD.—The pantomime here is called "Dame Durden and her Serving Maids; or, Harlequin Robert and Richard were Two Pretty Men." The scene opens in the Hall of Columns, or abode of Holly Bush, a pantomimic spirit, who is sorely perplexed at what subject he could hit upon for the Standard pantomime. King Christmas (G. Branch) coming to his aid, summons the Wizard of the North, the Davenport Brothers, and a perfect host of bygone pantomime spirits. Holly Bush rejects them all, and leaves the matter in the hands of Christmas. That worthy soon discovers a first-rate subject for mirth in the eventful history of Robert and Richard, but his claims to the title are disputed by the Witch, who appears on the scene, and threatens vengeance for encroaching on her privilege. Christmas eagerly retorts, and sends the Witch home again, not without gaining the news from her that the King's daughter has been stolen, and that she is the thief. Pleased at this discovery, Christmas breaks up his court and departs to convey the news to the Fairy Fireflower (Miss Clara Thorne). This brings us to the Mistletoe Glade and Sunlit Retreat of the Fairies, a grand mechanical change taking place, the Pantomime Abode gradually becoming lost to view as the Fairies' haunt is discovered. Fireflower, upon hearing the news of the Princess's abduction, immediately consents to aid her, the only chance of non-success being in the Witch's interferences. This settled, the Fairy retreats from the scene, leaving her lady to their revels. In scene three we see the Fairy soliciting aid from Britannia, America, and others, and finally settles to aid Willy (a son of Dame Durden's) as a hero for the pantomime. This brings us to the commencement of the story (scene four), a Distant Village and Rustic Farm, with Dame Durden's Farmyard. The Village Oler, who arrives to give out the melancholy intelligence that Blossom (Miss Warner), the King's daughter, has been stolen away by the Witch, and at the same time offers the Princess's hand to whoever shall restore her to the King. Upon this news Willy (Miss Mowbray) resolves to rescue her, and the King arriving just in time, states that failure will cost him his head; and also that to ensure the carrying out of the expedition correctly he requires the wooer of the Princess to find one hundred yards of linen so fine as to be able to pass through a wedding ring. Robert and Richard (Mr. B. Wright and Miss Lizzy Watson) consent to go with him, and they then set out on their journey. The first place they come to is the Regions of Perpetual Winter, where they are introduced to the Witch and Frozenose, King of the Ice Regions. After many difficulties and numerous escapes, the Witch transports them all to her abode in the Ice Mountain, from which the Fairy rescues them and restores the Princess to Willy. They then adjourn to her home, and the grand Transformation Scene represents the Palace of Revolving Prismatic Worlds. The scene opens with a variety of Flights of Naiads in Clouds, which gradually disperse, and innumerable beehives, as instructive of early rising and industry; fairies appear from every part, and the beehives bursting open, show an Arcadian group of globes under every hive, upon which fairies descend. The centre opens, and a magnificent temple rises, carrying living figures and 100 globes, formed into a pyramid, which has no sooner attained its position than the whole extent of the stage is covered with countless revolving globes, forming a picture of splendour unequalled. This is really a scene of remarkable beauty. After the usual haze preparatory to the great burst of splendour has dispersed, we see before us a glittering garden of golden fruit, and raised on high a gorgeous pyramid of brilliantly-attired girls; golden beehives burst into more fairies; the golden apples revolve, and when everything has unfolded itself, and it is time for the coloured lights, we feel that the scene is not inaptly described in the bills as forming a "blaze of dazzling splendour." It naturally gives rise to a shout of applause, and an enthusiastic call for the artist, Mr. Wade, and the manager, Mr. Douglass. Mr. Britain Wright, who plays the comic overgrown boy Robert, is a host in himself. He kept the house in one long roar of laughter, was encored in several songs.

and had to repeat most of his dances. Miss Lizzie Watson and Miss Emma Mowbray also did good service, and made the best use of their clear rich voices and nimble legs. Miss Mowbray was loudly encored in a good song to the tune of the "Cork Leg," and of course the "gods" would not be satisfied without a repetition of a parody on the famous "Organ Grinder." Miss Clara Thorne, a very juvenile representative of a very clever family, was most intelligent as the faithful fairy, Fern Flower speaking her lines with piquancy and *op-bomb*. When we say that the orchestra is under the direction of Mr. B. Isaacson, it is needless to say that the music is of the best description. Operatic airs, the best Christy Minstrel tunes, and the most popular comic songs are all given in turn, and all take well. The harlequinade is very spirited, presided over as it is by Mr. G. Boleyn, Clown; J. Boleyn, Pantaloon; Miss Newham, Columbine; Mr. Saxon, Harlequin; and Henderson and Aladin, Sprites. The harlequinade comprises the entrance to Charing-cross Railway, Post Office and Fishmonger's, Mr. Nobody's House, Sailors' Home, all the hits of the day, the pantomime concluding with a grand mechanical scene representing the Bullit Retreat of the Fays of Fairy Land. The whole of the scenery is painted by and under the direction of Mr. William Gowrie—the Transformation Scene by William Wade.

CITY OF LONDON.—The title of the Christmas piece this year is "The King of the Golden Valley; or, Harlequin Tom Tiddler, Little Boy Blue, and the Old Woman who Lived under a Hill." In the Cave of the Winds we find demons awaiting the arrival of Boreas, when suddenly a large pair of bellows rises from out the earth, through which the Chief appears. He summons to aid him a troop of little puffs and vapours, as well as the four points of the compass, and despatches all to earth to carry out his will. The next scene brings us to the Abode of Fancy in a Coral Grot. The revelry of the Fairy Court is interrupted by the arrival of the Fairy Queen Fancy and the Dwarf King of the Golden Valley. The latter asks the Fairy's aid to save Tom Tiddler from the cruelty of his two brothers. Fancy agrees, and promises to provide a wife for our hero in the person of Little Miss Dimple, the daughter of Dame Twitche, the Old Woman who lives under a hill. Upon this the Dwarf departs, and Fancy causes Tom Tiddler to appear before her. She gives him a magic ring; he tests its virtue, and the Spirit of Fun appears. The Fairy Queen bids him be of good heart, and sends him home again by an underground route. The next scene is the Cottage under the Hill. Dame Twitche arrives from market, and finds that the little boy she set to mind the sheep is under the haystack fast asleep; but summoning Little Boy Blue, he sets matter right by blowing his horn and using his crook to good advantage. Our heroine, Little Miss Dimple, now appears, and asks her mother's permission to go for a walk, which is refused. Fairy aid is near, and after being looked up by her cross old mother she is released, and trips away to the valley for a stroll. We now come to a regular pantomime set scene, viz., the Interior of the Forge of the Black Brothers, with furnace, fires, and chimney built out; anvils, and all the appliances; sturdy smiths working away at the fires, shoeing horses, &c. Tom Tiddler mourns over his sad fate, and is cruelly beaten by his two brothers—Grumpegrowl and Sulkicrowl. Their rage is heightened by various mishaps that befall themselves. The Dwarf appears in the furnace to Tom, and promises to befriend him. The cruel brothers turn the little man from the forge, and he disappears, threatening them for their unkindness. At this moment Little Miss Dimple, who has lost her way, seeks shelter from the storm, and the brothers invite her to come in and sup with them. Tom Tiddler rubs his ring, the Spirit of Fun appears, and plays various tricks upon the brothers. After supper they have a little concert among themselves; but finding that Tom is becoming too affectionate with Little Miss Dimple, they resolve to carry her away; but the arrival of Dame Twitche and Little Boy Blue for a moment alters their determination. A grand operatic finale winds up the scene, which closes on an effective tableau. Tom Tiddler is now separated from his love by the cruel winds—north, south, east, and west, and is borne to a barren waste, where, his brothers meeting him, attempt his life. The Dwarf follows them, and changes the whole scene to the Golden Valley, constituting Tom a Prince, and christening the place Tom Tiddler's Ground; his little grey cloak disappears, discovering him clothed as the King of the Golden Valley. The brothers, nothing daunted, rush to pick up gold and silver, when the Dwarf changes them to blocks of stone. Tom receives a sword of sharpness, and has only one more danger to pass through, viz., to conquer the Red Fiend, who dwells near the Stricken Oak. He departs, and engages in conflict with the Serpent who guards the entrance to the cavern—"a monster with a large head and a horrible tail." The Red Fiend is defeated, and Tom discovers that he has rescued Dimple from his power. The end is now near, and all is happiness for the lovers; but in answer to their united prayers Dimple is restored to her mother and the cruel brothers receive retribution. The Fairy Queen transports them all to her home, where the transformation takes place. This scene is called the Waterfalls of Golden Spray, and a great effect is introduced—the Descent of a Pearl in a Silver Shower. The lady who plays Tom Tiddler is Miss Georgina Smithson, and she may be complimented on the intelligent and effective use of natural gifts which are rarely blended in the person of one actress. Miss Emily Gibson, Mr. Charles Steyne, and other performers, also worked with great spirit in the evolution of the opening scenes, which led up to a brisk and amusing harlequinade. The scenery is most dazzling, and the transformation, with its well-managed cascades of golden spray, is a triumph of mechanism and taste; but the painter, Mr. William Beaumont, should rather be congratulated on the series of alternate homely and fairy-like pictures, leading up to the grand spectacular crisis. All the appointments, too, including the masks and dresses, would be creditable to any West-end theatre. The delight of the audience rose to a perfect fury of applause when the full glory of the golden cascades were disclosed, and the call for the manager and scene-painter was loud and universal. Mr. Beaumont came forward twice and bowed his acknowledgments; but Mr. Nelson Lee, having to direct the holiday revels at the Crystal Palace, was absent. The harlequinade is thus cast:—Harlequin, Moss Schmidt; Columbine, Madame Power; Pantaloon, the veteran Morelli; Sprites, Louis, Eugene, and Le Petite French; and a Clown and a Half, by the great Hullee and Son. The comic scenes follow, and comprise hits at all the popular topics of the day. The whole of the songs throughout the opening are written by Nelson Lee the younger.

MARYLEBONE.—The pantomime of "The Bronze Horse" is by Mr. Robert Soutar. The author has formed his story from several Eastern tales, as the following brief sketch of the plot will convey:—King Rainbow and Brilliantissima (the Fairy Queen) have under their protection a youth named Assad, and a Princess Shulbul, only daughter of the King of Winkin. These young persons through a dream have become enamoured of each other. To separate them the evil power, Aladdon, who is an enemy to King Rainbow, having been driven from fairyland for rebellion, forms the Bronze Horse, and flies away with the Princess in sight of her father and his court. Assad hears of the reward offered for the recovery of the Princess, and sets forth in the hope of finding her. He is waylaid by Aladdon, in the guise of a merchant, and by him imprisoned in the Magic Cave, to which the King has also been consigned. In this dilemma the Fairy power assists Assad, and he is enabled to go in pursuit of Shulbul on the Bronze Horse. The Princess in the meantime has been conveyed to the territory of Okeipokei-wankel, a terrible emperor, who wishes to make her his wife. She is, however, rescued by Assad, and they are about to depart when Aladdon seizes on them both with a

vengeance, when the timely interference of the Fairy Power sets all to rights and makes the lovers happy. The principal parts are played by Messrs. J. A. Oave, H. Bolton, Herbert, F. Thomas; Misses Mary Booth and Kate Stoner.

THE BRITANNIA.—The pantomime is entitled "Little Busy Bee; or, The Old Lady of Threadneedle-street." The first scene is a gloomy cavern, where a grim colossal figure of King Sensation engrosses nearly the whole of the stage and forcibly impresses the imagination. In this den of horrors, the Demon Firefly (Mr. E. Harding), King Wasp (Mr. B. Bell), and numerous subordinates assemble to plot against the Fairy Queen Bee (Miss E. Scott). Their schemes adjusted, they depart to put them in execution. One two represents the "Magic Bell and Vale of Fragrance," the resort of the fairies, where a grand Pas des Guirlandes Enchantées takes place, and is followed by the expansion of a golden honeycomb, from which Queen Bee emerges. Little Busy Bee (Mrs. S. Lane) makes her appearance, and the arrival of Sir Rupert (a fast young gentleman) (Miss Esther Jacobs), follows. Scene three is the "Hop-Groends and Plantations of Sir John Barleycorn." Here the jovial Knight, Sir John (Mr. J. Parry), receives Sir Toby Philpot (Mr. E. Elton). Scene four is a "View of Coquette Island in the Territory of Old Maids," where Princess Coquette (Mrs. W. Crawford) and her train of disappointed spinsters, are twirling their last opportunities. Scene five is the "Castle of I.O.U. in the Land of Bad Debts." Ostensibly, the object of their visit here is to demand payment of a loan formerly advanced by the Old Lady to Queen Credit (Mrs. A. Dyer), the most insolvent of sovereigns, whose Court has an evil reputation for "gaming," the third party Sir Robert has to dare. Queen Credit receives the visitors at the head of her soldiers, whose grotesque physiognomies resembling Dutch clocks are in keeping with the system of "tick" upon which they are subsisted. Payment of the debt is evaded, but the Queen by advice of her Minister, Baron Trust (Mr. C. Pitt), invites the party to dinner, hoping to fleece them afterwards at cards, in which they fall, but Sir Rupert is lodged a prisoner in the donjon of the castle. Other ludicrous incidents lead to scene six, "The Courtyard of the Castle," where Sir Toby, Firefly, and Wasp come to wreak their vengeance on Sir Rupert. The prisoner is summoned, and his executioners are about to slay him when the Fairy (invisible to all save Sir Rupert) strikes off his chains and arms him with a trenchant weapon, by which, after a ter-rific combat of one against three, he defeats and disarms his would-be assassins. At this moment an extraordinary geological phenomenon takes place—the island strikes upon a rock. The convulsions which follow intimidate and terrify the Infernal Powers into submission, and the Pantomimic Metempsychosis takes place. Sir John, Harlequin (Mr. F. White), the Old Lady, Clown (Mr. Jean Louis), Sir Toby, Pantaloon (Mr. W. Newham), the Princess, Columbine (Miss C. Stephen), and Firefly and Wasp Sprites (Messrs. Sextilian and the Echo Family). The libretto abounds in puns, parodies, and equivocal, is from the pen of Mr. Hazlewood. Mrs. S. Lane (herself a host) and Miss Esther Jacobs sustain the principal vocal effects, while the talent of the other leading performers is also indisputable. The scenery, by Mr. Thomas Rogers, and Mr. Hugh Muir (two most accomplished artists), is admirably executed and remarkably picturesque. The Transformation Scene, by Mr. T. Rogers, introduces for the first time in this theatre a Cataract of Real Water, remarkably gorgeous and beautiful. Among the other brilliant scenes are the Haunt of the Nixes, the Bower of Florencia Jewell-blossomed Aloes, the Rising of Sparkling Fairy Fanes, and lastly the Regions of Diamonds and Rubies. The theatre was crowded in every part, and to judge from the reception that the pantomime received, it may fairly be considered a genuine success. The lessee of the Britannia is wise in his generation in playing his pantomime first; since he undoubtedly secures for "The Work Girls of London," with which the evening's entertainment concludes, a much more patient hearing than if the order were reversed.

THE VICTORIA.—The pantomime here is "Baron Munchausen; or, Harlequin and the Mountains of the Moon," written by Mr. Fenton and Mr. W. R. Osmond. It commences in the regions of despair, where we find the demon of that name, with Vonom and Malice, compounding deadly draughts. Baron Munchausen and his faithful follower, Mayall, enter, having been expelled from Cock-a-Wax Castle on account of the Baron's proposal for the Princess Duck-a-Diamond's hand. Munchausen is about to poison himself, when the Fairy Hope appears, and leaves him a box of magic pills. Despair returns and bars the departure of the Baron. He and Mayall test the value of the pills by taking one each, and their magic influence is instantaneous—the demons are transfixed. The Baron and Mayall escape, and we are then introduced to the Palace of King Cock-a-Wax. Here Factotum, the lord chamberlain, is busy making preparations for the arrival of the various princes who are coming to claim the Princess Duck-a-Diamond's hand. The King enters, and after reading the announcement in the morning paper, sends for his daughter, who is a spoiled child. The suitors are introduced and discarded, Factotum's son, the Count Hoptwig, being one of them. At that moment the Baron enters and relates his adventures in a song, stating his intention of ascending in the Nadar balloon. Duck-a-Diamond is love-stricken, when Despair appears and whispers to Hoptwig, who retires unperceived. While the King and the Baron are settling the marriage contract, the balloon carries off Hoptwig and the Princess. Munchausen takes a magic pill and his flying horse comes forth, and he and Mayall mount, while the King and courtiers are left in amazement as the scene closes. Hope enters and expresses her dissatisfaction at having foiled Despair, again returning to protect the Baron and Mayall, who have lost their way in the fog, which is cleared away by Dog Star. The scene changes to the Frozen Regions, where Count Hoptwig enters with the Princess, who has fainted from fear in her aerial trip. He places her in an arbour, when the Baron arrives, and the rivals fight a desperate combat. Munchausen is vanquished, and Hoptwig calls in the aid of his friendly demon, by whose power the snow gradually melts and discovers the village illuminated by the moonbeams. The Baron's horse is seen suspended from the church steeple, but he releases his charger from its perilous position, and the balloon is seen to enter the moon with Hoptwig and Princess. Baron Munchausen is in frenzy, when Hope appears with some magic beans. The Gnomes rise and dig the earth while the Baron and Mayall plant the good fairy's beans. They grow immediately, and the Baron and Mayall climb up the stalk as the clouds descend and cover them in. We are next transported to the mountains of the moon, and the Baron is rather disappointed at the general sterility. Hope is again at hand, and changes the scene to the glittering gardens of the Spangled Firmament. Here the grand ballet takes place and is interrupted by the approach of the Man in the Moon. The fairies disappear, and Hoptwig is discovered with the Princess. They quarrel musically, when Hoptwig gives the Princess in charge to the Man in the Moon. She is placed in cage while Hoptwig retires in search for gems and silver to take home as a dowry to tempt her father. Dog Star comforts the captive, the Baron releases the Princess, and the balloon is again brought into requisition. Hoptwig returns in time to see them depart, and the scene closes, bringing us back to Cock-a-Wax Castle. Here the King and courtiers are in the greatest tribulation at the loss of the Princess. Munchausen desires an audience and makes matters right with his father-in-law that is to be, and restores the Princess to his arms. An amicable arrangement is about to take place, when Hoptwig suddenly appears with the wealth he has secured from the regions of the moon. The Baron is seized and taken to distance vile, when Factotum enters to say that a dragon is devastating the village. A loud knocking is heard, and Mayall appears with a flag of truce, proclaiming that the dragon shall be destroyed if the Princess is given to the Baron in marriage. The King consents, and the scene concludes with a

lament to the tune of "Uncle Sam." We now have an introduction to the "Dragon's Cave," where the Baron acts as showman, and the villagers are sacrificed to the monster's voracity. The King arrives in grand procession with the Princess in the magic cabinet. King Cock-a-Wax claims, as the price of her hand, the death of the monster, to which the Baron consents, and the dragon is annihilated. At this moment Hoptwig and Factotum appear, and the Princess is disposed of, *a la Davenport Brothers*. Munchausen and Mayall are again secured, and another scene is brought to a close. The last scene of the opening commences in the demon's dungeon. The Princess is incarcerated in the cell of Boreas. Count Hoptwig enters and urges his suit. He is repulsed, and steps are heard, and he retires with the lady of his choice. The Baron now comes again upon the scene with Mayall. They are searching for the lady, when Hope, true to her word, foils the tyrant, and restores the lovers to each other's arms. Count Hoptwig is claimed by the demon and carried to a place unmentionable to ears polite. Preparations are now about to be made for the approaching nuptials of the Baron Munchausen and the Princess Duck-a-Diamond, when Hope appears, and we are transported to the "Silver Temple of Luna," where the transformation takes place in the "Assembly of the Star Pleiades" home in the Silver Realm of the Palace of Luna." Clown, Mr. Kitchen; Harlequin, Mr. A. Lorraine; Columbine, Miss E. Powell; Pantaloon, Mr. Marchant; Harlequin, Miss Holt; and Sprites, Signor Russell and Sons. The beautiful scenery is by Mr. F. Fenton, and the pantomime produced under the especial management of Mr. Frampton. The house was crowded in every part. The "gods" were at times in a perfect frenzy of delight at the magnificence of the scenery and the comic effects. We predict a long run for "Baron Munchausen."

In addition to illustrations of the foregoing pantomimes, we give also a view of the front of a house on Boxing Night. It will be at once recognised without comment, as pit, boxes, and gallery are too well known on these occasions. Another illustration is from our special head-biter, and well has he hit off the many grotesque faces appearing through the pantomime season.

THE ALHAMBRA PALACE, LEICESTER SQUARE.

This splendid building is again thrown open to the public, and under the auspices of Mr. Frederick Strange, so well known in connexion with the refreshment department of the Crystal Palace, there is no doubt but it will prove a genuine success. One of the most striking features in the alterations which have taken place, since it was last opened to the public is the grand and magnificent system of lighting, adapted to it by Messrs. J. Deifies and Sons, which they have carried out in their usual spirited and enterprising manner.

The extensive alterations, both as regards the lighting of the building and stage, have been carried out upon an entire new and scientific principle, and completed in so short a lapse of time, that no one but a firm possessing the resources and energy of Messrs. J. Deifies and Sons could have undertaken it.

They have, in the completion of their work, most assiduously studied the architectural arrangements of the building the whole of which has been carried out from the designs and under the superintendence of the well-known and eminent architect, J. D. Rowley, Esq., 35, Poultry, E.C. The decoration is of a very beautiful character, the architect having studied lightness and elegance, both as regards the design and colour, which reflect great credit upon him. The alterations on every floor are of so extensive a character as must be seen to be understood. The supper room is a grand addition to the establishment, and is carried out in the same style of decoration as the hall from which this room is directly approached. A few details are necessary to elucidate the novel and brilliant manner of lighting applied by Messrs. Deifies and Sons to this noble structure.

The grand chandelier in the centre presents a new feature in the lighting of public buildings, and is one of the great points of attraction; it is twenty-seven feet high, fifteen feet in diameter, and is composed of 1,700 lights. The arms holding the ruby and silver clusters are 160 in number, and the novelty in the design is worthy of especial notice. The great feature is the novelty of the light emanating from the ruby and silver balls, each ball encircled by a silver wreath and clusters of crystal, producing a brilliant effect, the novelty and beauty of which strikes the beholder with admiration. In addition to the large chandelier, twelve others of smaller size, but equally novel and brilliant, surround the promenade, and twelve others of the same design surround the boxes, these with twelve crystal prismatic lanterns, which have been adapted to the upper galleries, and five chandeliers in the refreshment-room, and four in the supper room, complete that galaxy of light, which is one of the most beautiful and magnificent that has ever been applied to a public building.

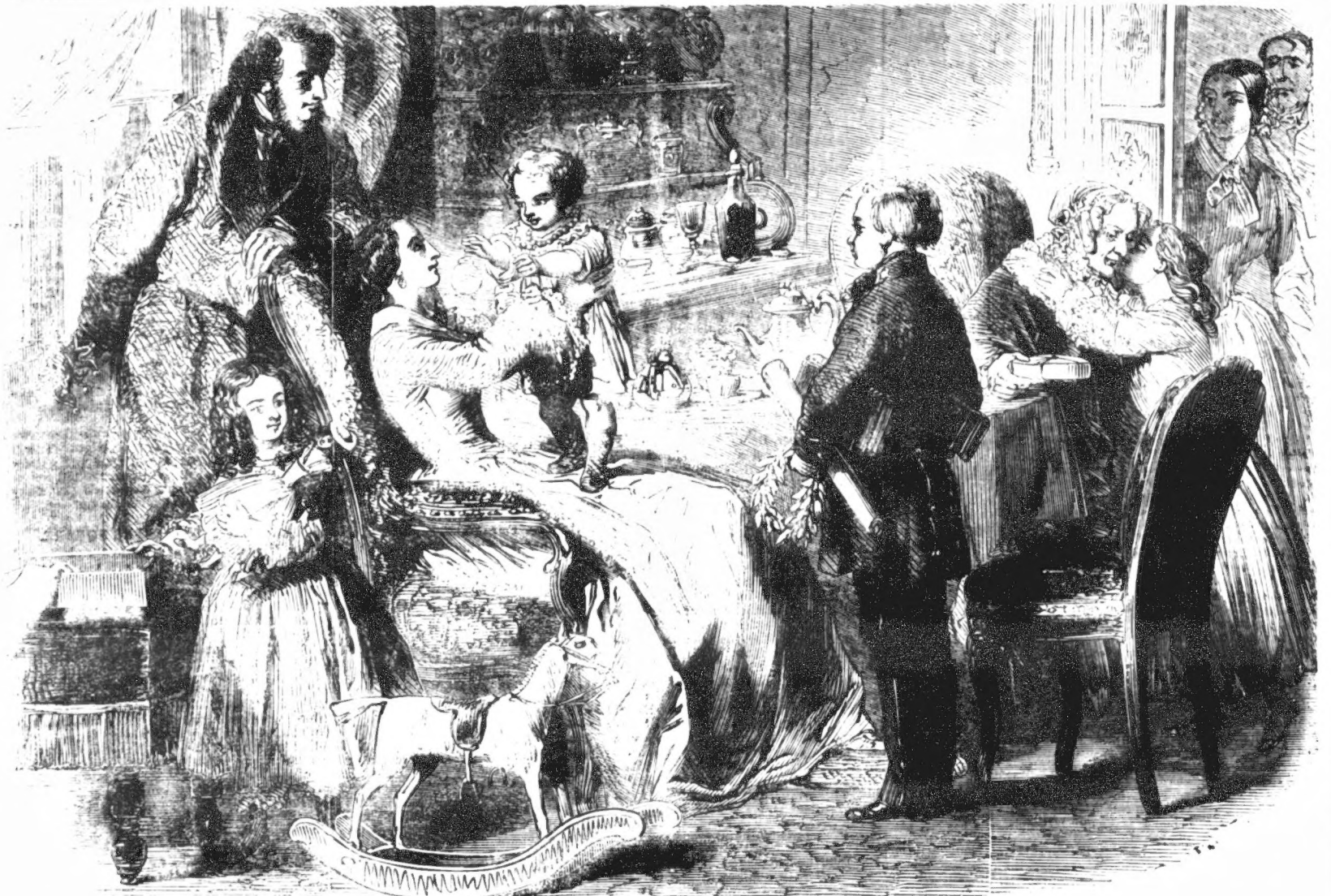
Mr. Strange has had specially in view the adaptation of the building to the Lyric and Terpsichorean art, and which he promises will rank second only to the Royal English Opera itself. In addition to the lighting, another of the great efforts is a wonderful torrent cascade of real water, which has a most brilliant appearance. The band and chorus consists of nearly one hundred performers, and some of the best operatic selections have been performed during the week. The company includes Miss Pearce (prima donna), Miss Fanny Harrison, Madame Marie Forbes, Madame Palmory, Mrs. Burgess, and the Misses Rose Palmer, Agnes Villiers, Nelly Cornish, Sarah Rowe, Edith Villiers, Lowther, Withnall, Powell, Mr. H. De Brenner, Mr. Henry Herbert, Mr. Theodore Distin, &c. Among the comic talent is the great Barlow, the negro melodist, and the marvellous eccentric musical spider, "Le Petit Blondin" is another great attraction; as is also the grand ballet, supported by a troop of excellent artistes. The selections and choruses are under the direction of Mr. J. Canfield, jun. Mr. Gough is leader of the band, and the stage director is Mr. H. Boleyn.

Mr. Strange is deserving of the widest patronage for the spirit in which he has revived the Alhambra, and from the numbers which have already visited the establishment this week, there is every probability of a very successful career.

THE MUSIC HALL TALENT AND THE PANTOMIMES.—The theatres naturally take the lead of our public amusements, and in many instances the music halls have been ignored, or held up as "a caution" to pleasure-seekers; yet we are at a loss to conceive in this somewhat sensation age, where the popular tunes and most pungent parodies would come from were it not from the music halls. But another innovation has this year taken place. Many of our popular music-hall ladies have been transplanted to the theatrical boards. Miss Constance, Madame Loeblin, and Miss Julia Weston have prominent characters at the Surrey; Miss Mowbray and Miss Lizzie Watson are at the Standard; and Miss Georgina Smithson is at the City of London, and all of them sustaining their parts admirably.

FIRE AND DYSPERIA.—A sure cure for these distressing complaints is now made known in a Treatise on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations, published by Dr. O. Phelps Brown. The prescription was furnished in such a providential manner that he cannot conceivably refer to it as a single case. It is equally sure in cases of Flatulency, Dyspepsia, and the ingredients may be obtained of any herb dealer. Send for a receipt of four stamps to prepay postage, &c. The work of 35 octavo pages, beautifully illustrated, also treats on Constipation, Bile, Asthma, Liver Complaints, General Debility, and gives the 4 best Herbal Remedies for their positive and permanent cure. Send to Dr. O. Phelps Brown, 4, Kings-road, Covent Garden, London, W.C. (Advertisement.)

To Suppliers &c.—Wanted an agent for every town with a view to the sale of A. G. Paton's Safety Eucalypti. (1) 1st Prize. Cheap Stationery, Lady's and Gents' Patent Colours and Gilt (2) 2nd Prize. 4s. 6d. (3) 3rd Prize. 4s. 6d. Sample sent on receipt of order and reference. Arthur Grainger, toy importer, 308, High Holborn, W.C. (Advertisement.)



NEW YEAR'S DAY IN PARIS.—THE FAMILY BREAKFAST. (See page 451.)



NEW YEAR'S DAY AT PARIS.—THE CONFECTIONER'S SHOP. (See page 454.)



HEADS OF THE PANTOMIMES.—(By our Special Head-Hitter.) (See page 451).

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ANNIVERSARY

		ANTHONY		C. W. P.	
				A. W.	P. M.
1	1	John Wm., Sh. 8 m.; sets, Sh. 19 m.	3 32	8 52
1	2	Immolation, New Year's Day	...	4 15	4 37
1	3	Caprice of Nature, 1877	4 58	5 20
1	4	Castle of Martinique, 1877	5 43	6 48
1	5	Sir Isaac Newton b. m., 1642	6 30	6 58
1	6	Gen. Radezky b. d., 1858, aged 92	7 25	7 55
1	7	Euphorias.—Ewelfth Day	8 26	9 31

es.—1st Quarter, 3rd, 3h. 42m. p m.

MORNING.	AFTERNOON.
Gen. 17; Romans 2.	Deut. 10, v. 12; Colos. 2.

* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information required.

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 carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be in-
 dicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps
 cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

THE STONE.—In a half-civilised state small stones were used as counters; hence the word "calculation," derived from calculus, a small pebble. **THE STAIRS.**—The gallied yard of the Bull Inn, Bishopsgate, accommodated audiences for our early actors, before the building of licensed theatres. It has frequently played there.

G. M. — Lindley Murray was born in 1745, at Swetara, near Lancaster, in the State of Pennsylvania.

O. P. — "Der Geheulitz" was first produced in this country at the English Opera House in 1824. Kirk dramatised it, and Logan translated it.
 F. P. — Kirk took the part of Zaniel.
 R. B. — Her husband's income from the theatre on nights for that season.

It B— the public income from the excise on spirits for last year was £96255.

³ en.—Bull and Mouth is a corruption of Boulogne Mouth. The sign was first used in commemoration of the French fleet's at the mouth of Boulogne Harbour in 1544.

B N—It was at Jader's Wells, in 1807, where eighteen persons were
 crushed to death at an alarm of fire.

Q. A. There are no gangsters in the Excise: they are in the Custom House. You must have good interest to procure a nomination. The examination consists of excise to test handwriting and orthography, English composition, geography, English history, and arithmetic up to decimal fraction (exclusive).

T. W. - You must possess good interest to procure a nomination for any Government position. Tide-waiters in the Customs must pass an examination in writing lessons in English from dictation, the weights and measures, and the duties of the Customs.

S 3. — A person born on the first of January, in the year 1, would have been one year old and commenced his second year on the first day of the year 2; and on January 1, 1861, he would have been 833 years old, and commenced his 186th year. The year 1800 was the first year of the 19th century, of which the year 1899 will be the last.

W. K. W.—An ordinary case of divorce costs 30L. A lawyer's consulting fee is 6s 6d.

SAURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

A Port Office is a document of peculiar character. It resembles no other species of official return, and for this reason, that the Port Office resembles no other department. It is the single surviving example of a State monopoly. In his one instance the Government of the country appropriates to itself the management and conduct of an immense business. It is a business so extensive that its returns are now £4,000,000 a year, and it is so remunerative that the profits are £1,000,000 a year, or 25 per cent upon her returns. In fact, the gain to the Office is rather greater than this, but we have expressed the results in round numbers. Now, as the service rendered to the public by the Port Office is thus more than paid for by the charges exacted for the performance, we look to the periodical reports of the business with a peculiar curiosity. It is not quite enough to see that the business has been increased, for that, as in any ordinary commercial concern, may be matter of congratulation rather to the proprietors than the

customers. The Post-office makes a great profit out of the public, and the public wishes to know whether it does more or less than formerly for themoney which it receives. On many points we are under no necessity of asking for official information. We all know, for instance, that the ordinary charges for carrying our letters have not been reduced. The cheapest postage stamp still costs a penny, and this penny stamp will not frank a greater weight than before. From this point of view, therefore, it concerns us little to hear that the Post-office carries and delivers many more letters than it used to do, for that is only tantamount to saying that it does a larger business and makes a larger profit. In another sense, it is true, this increase of deliveries does express a public advantage, but that point we reserve for the present. We can answer for ourselves, too, as to the general principles observed by the office in its dealings, and here, again, when the department says one word for the public, it often says another for itself. For instance, the public has been required to "co-operate" with the office in facilitating the despatch and delivery of letters by taking some amount of trouble on its own hands. First, there was the necessity of prepayment, which imposed certainly no very burdensome obligation on letter-writers, but which infinitely assisted letter-carriers. Then in London there was the injunction to add the initials of the district to the address of every letter, which was not without its annoyances. This recommendation to fit all our doors with letter-boxes entailed a little expense, and this latest report now before us describes a further expense since imposed. For a certain fee the Post-office undertook, not to guarantee absolutely the safe delivery of a certain letter, but at any rate to observe such precautions as would render its safe delivery much more probable than before. And this registration fee has now been lessened, but, on the other hand, the registration of letters containing coin has been rendered compulsory. Formerly a sovereign could be enclosed in a letter and despatched with a simple stamp covering the weight, but now a fee of 4s. must be paid upon it under penalty of twice that charge, to be exacted from the person to whom it is addressed. This regulation, which the report mildly classifies as an "inducement" to the registration of letters, is an example of the obligations which under the general request of "co-operation" the office places upon the public. The object is to prevent the theft of letters by the Post-office officials, and that it is an exceedingly proper object there is no doubt; but whereas it has been suggested that if the office would expend a little more money upon the service its servants might not be so easily tempted, the removal of temptation thus far is imposed upon the public at its own proper charges. The result has been successful, for the number of letters missing, as may be presumed from abstraction, has been diminished by two-thirds; but it is remarkable that the region only of malpractice appears to have been changed. Rather than send coin at a heavy charge people now send postage stamps, and so neutralise the advantage gained, "the applications for missing letters containing postage stamps having risen precisely in the proportion in which applications for missing letters containing coin have fallen."

The representatives of the French Government at the four principal Courts of Europe are at this moment at Paris, whither they have been summoned by the Emperor, whose desire it is said to be to surround himself, at the near commencement of another year, with the men who are best able to give him exact information relative to the dispositions and intentions of foreign Governments. We have no wish to lower in the slightest degree the character of the diplomatic representatives of France, but it can scarcely be possible that, having regard to the system of government which Napoleon has established in that country, his advisers can seriously expect to obtain very precise intelligence of the plans he seeks from his chief agents abroad. Can they be anything, indeed, but the reflex of his own mind, or see things in any other light than that in which he would see them himself? The organs of the Government in the press say they are simply men entrusted with the duty of communicating what they have been directed to communicate by the chief of that Government; but have they a real, a serious mission? If they merely play the part of listeners, and have to repeat to Louis Napoleon what they have heard, it is hardly worth while to derange them in their diplomatic posts. With a very moderate endowment of intelligence, it would be extremely easy to form an accurate conception of the sentiments entertained by the several Courts in reference to the chief actor on the political stage of France. He exercises absolute power, and having complete control over the wealth and resources of a great nation, is necessarily an object of consideration among foreign Powers. There is, moreover, a mysterious method of proceeding conspicuous in the carrying out of his designs, even when they are of secondary magnitude or importance; and, caring little for good faith or principles, engagements solemnly entered into place but little constraint upon him when they thwart his plans, and hence it is that the Governments with which he is in relation place but small reliance upon him. Towards such a spirit, able to bring the most powerful influences, material and moral, into action, only one policy can be cherished, namely, one of profound distrust. As no Power is at present interested in assailing him, he may be assured of a momentary peace, but nowhere can there be personal attachment to him, nor interest in his prosperity; and he must thus be conscious that advantage will be taken of his first fault to accelerate his fall. In the case of Russia, for example, he cannot be deceived as the sentiments of Alexander towards him. The frigidity of manner displayed by the latter potentate when at Nice must have convinced him of the unfavourable eye with which he is looked upon by him. Austria, who has been made to yield to his prowess in the field, is at present anxious to fortify herself sufficiently to enable her to take her revenge, and she is even now bending all her energies, intellectual and physical, to bring herself into thorough preparation for a struggle which she feels to be inevitable, though she cannot assign the precise period at which the signal for it will be given. As for Prussia, her narrow-minded ruler has no more confidence than Louis Napoleon has, and if he is disposed to aid him up to a certain point in the execution of his projects, provided that on his part he can find in them the realization of his own ambition, we do not doubt that he is also quite ready to turn against him if he could perceive a pretty clear chance of success.

Her Majesty the Queen distributed Christmas gifts on Saturday afternoon to the wives of the labourers and others on the Osborne estate, and also to the children of the Whippingham School, who assembled a little before four o'clock.

Soon after four the Queen, accompanied by Princess Helena, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, Prince Arthur, and Prince Leopold, entered the Servants' Hall, where the gifts were laid out. Her Majesty then, assisted by the royal family, distributed the articles of clothing to the women, and toys of various descriptions to the children, for whom also a Christmas tree was prepared. Her Majesty was attended by the ladies and gentlemen in waiting.

It is said that her Majesty will open parliament in person.—*Court Journal.*

The Prince and Princess of Wales intend to keep the birthday of their infant prince at Sandringham, and their return to Frogmore Lodge will be regulated according to the state of the weather. If the frost should not put a stop to hunting, the Prince will remain at Sandringham until the end of the month, otherwise his royal highness will go to Frogmore for the purpose of skating on Virginia Water.—*Court Journal*.

Her Majesty the Queen, their royal highnesses Princess Helen, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, and his Serene Highness Prince Luitpold attended Divine service at Whippingham Church on Sunday afternoon, attended by the Dowager Countess of Mount Edgumbe, the Hon. Lucy Kerr, and Major-General the Hon. A. Hood.

SINCE our last issue, Christmas has come and gone; and that our readers have enjoyed a "merry one," it is our fervent hope. We also wish them a "happy new year," and may they all be with us to receive a similar greeting for the year 1866. Our present number will remind them much of the present season. On our front page, we give a beautiful illustration of "The Christmas Party," with the dance in the evening. Doubtless many of our readers have already enjoyed a similar scene, or may have such a treat in store for the ensuing week. The picture tells its own tale. The little ones from school are enjoying themselves as happy children should—mingling in the dance with their elder brothers and sisters or friends. This is a real pleasure to them and to all; and when they again leave home for school, many will be the lively recollections of that happy Christmas evening party.

THE first day of the year in Paris is far different from the New Year's Day in England. No matter whether the day falls on the Sabbath, it is the signal for mirth and jollity, feasting and dancing, festivities and balls, kindly presents and reciprocal compliments; and every man makes a point of banishing care and enjoying himself as he best can in the sphere to which he belongs.

New Year's gifts are bestowed in the capital of the Seine with a profusion which the residents find somewhat inconvenient; indeed, of all imposts, none are regarded as more irksome than those to which Parisians are liable on the 1st of January, and many persons deem it prudent to be "not at home" when the year closes. Even this requires some courage; and it is only people determined not to be plundered, who saved themselves by a timely flight, pretend to make a journey of the utmost urgency, and, while supposed to be in a distant part of France, lurk about some village in the suburbs of Paris till the dread season is over.

Others, however, make an heroic effort, screw their courage up to the sticking point, and remain to be fished by friends, acquaintances, domestic, and children; and some such hapless beings are represented by our illustrations on another page. One of these is the family breakfast of New Year's Day; the other the interior of a confectioner's shop, where papers of bonbons and such things are presented with grace and accepted with gratitude.

CHINESE SHEEP.—The *New Zealanders* says:—"We have received a communication from a gentleman who has some thoughts of organizing a company to obtain from China a very prolific breed of sheep, which finds much favour with the inhabitants of that country. Their fecundity seems very surprising, as they are said to produce from three to five at a birth, or, as our accounts call it, a litter, and to have a litter of this kind twice a year. Their material ingenuity is not, it seems, inferior to their fecundity, as they wear the stronger lambs, and allow the more weakly ones to suck for a longer time. They are said to produce from seven to twelve pounds of wool annually, to weigh 143 lbs. to 170 lbs. as mutton, and to be of a quality not inferior to Leicester sheep. These sheep inhabit the northern parts of China, near the Great Wall, and would therefore require to be acclimatised to our warm climate."

AN INFERNAL INVENTION.—A private letter from Morocco (says the *Patrie*) informs us that the Emperor had determined on erecting electric telegraphs in his States. The first line will connect the cities of Fez, Mequinez, and Morocco with Targier. To understand all the importance of this innovation, the reader must know that the Emperor, who has hitherto done nothing without the advice of astrologers, consulted them during his stay at Rabat, and they replied, after a whole night's study, that the electric telegraph was an infernal invention which would bring calamities on the sovereign and his dynasty. The Emperor, however, disregarded their gloomy predictions, and has decided, not only that the telegraph shall be established in his empire, but that any one who might dare to destroy the apparatus or wires shall be beheaded.

BURNING OF A PALACE AT CONSTANTINOPLE—Constantinople letters and journals to the 14th have reached us. The *Levant Herald* gives the subjoined account of the burning down of the Grand Vizier's palace:—"About two a.m. on the morning of the 11th, a fire broke out in the korak of his highness Fuad Pasha, and, notwithstanding the speedy presence of a large number of fire-engine, the flames soon engulfed the whole building. The first indications of the disaster—which originated on the harem side of the mansion—was discovered by the Grand Vizier himself, who at once gave the alarm. Nearly the whole contents of the building were consumed, including a large collection of plate and jewellery, and the box containing his highness's valuable decorations. Kiamil Pasha has placed at the disposal of his highness his spare palace near Damir-esou, where the burnt out family are, therefore, for the present installed. The isolated situation of the destroyed mansion happily confined the ravages of the flames to its own limits, though it was deemed necessary, as an extra precaution, to pull down some eight or ten small shops which formed a connecting link between the outer wall and a number of houses in the neighbourhood. The Sultan has evinced his sympathy with his highness by presenting him with four carriage-loads of personal effects—consisting of furs, shawls, and other valuable wardrobe stock—to replace those lost by the disaster. His Majesty has also given the Pasha his own star of the Medjidieh, and has ordered for him a new Osmanie, in lieu of that destroyed with his other decorations, and, pending the engraving of a new official seal—also lost—has given him his own private signet. His highness has further received from the Sultan the gift of two large houses near the Seraskierat, which are to be converted into a splendid palace, and furnished at his Majesty's expense."

HORNIMAN'S Tea is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,280 Agents.—(Advertisement.)

Notes of the Week.

A MAN named John Morris was on Saturday lodged in Worcester County Prison, on a charge of killing and slaying Samuel Harrison, at Dudley, in a midnight quarrel. It appeared that the two met at a house in Dudley, and Morris wanting more drink it was refused, and Harrison attempted to turn him out of the house. Thereupon a terrific scuffle ensued, and in the struggle both men fell from the doorway into the street. When Harrison was picked up he was dead. The surgeon gave his opinion that death resulted from blows believed to have been inflicted on the deceased's head by the prisoner kicking him, which had cut through the scalp and caused compression of the brain. Blood was found on the prisoner's shoes when taken into custody immediately after Harrison's death.

On Monday night four men were stabbed in the Golden Anchor public-house, at the corner of Castle-street, Saffron-hill, kept by Mr. Frederick Shaw. It appears that on Saturday night some Italians were ejected from the house for making use of abusive language, and last night several of them entered the tap-room for the avowed purpose of having revenge. While there they abused Englishmen who were there, broke the seats, and were proceeding to further acts of violence, when Mr. Shaw went to the door and called in Detective Fawell, 425 A. Before he got to the tap-room loud cries of "Murder!" were heard. On Fawell going to the tap-room he found an Italian named Serafino Polloni, a picture-frame-maker, sitting with some men. At that moment Alfred Ribbeck, the postman, said he had been stabbed by Polloni, and blood was flowing from his right side. Fawell took the man into custody, and he then ascertained that the prisoner had stabbed three other men, named Michael Harrington, Charles Bannister, and William King. Ribbeck was found to be so dangerously stabbed that he was at once conveyed to the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road. Mr. J. D. Hill, the resident medical officer, said the wound was so dangerous that he could not be expected to live. On this Inspector Hotter, and Acting-Inspector Baldwin, I.G., attended with the prisoner, and Ribbeck pointed him out as the person who had stabbed him. The prisoner treated the matter with the greatest indifference. Before the prisoner was removed from the Royal Free Hospital information was brought that Harrington was dying in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Upon proceeding there it was found that he had been stabbed very badly in the stomach. This unfortunate man also pointed out the prisoner as the man who had stabbed him; but, although his dying deposition was taken, Harrington said that he would not sign the paper, as he freely forgave the prisoner, and he hoped God would too.

LATE on Monday evening a fire broke out at No. 8, Wyndham-street, Bryanston-square, kept by a man named Williams, who lets that and the adjoining house in apartments. The fire originated in the front kitchen, in which the sister of Williams resided. On examination of the apartment the body of the unfortunate woman was discovered to be completely charred. Mrs. O'Connor and Wynn Williams were summoned to the scene, who pronounced life to have been extinct for more than an hour. A bottle of gin was found, into which the lighted end of a candle had been placed, and as the woman had been drinking from an early part of the day the fire is supposed to have originated from the state in which she was at the time of the accident.

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

ABOUT twenty-seven years ago a Captain Brown, whose family resided in Matapoisett, was the overseer of the estate of Mr. Henry F. Clifton, a wealthy gentleman of Richmond, Virginia. From some cause, which still remains a secret, a difficulty arose between Captain Brown and Mr. Clifton, wherein the former considered himself the aggrieved party. To revenge himself for the supposed wrong, he stole Mr. Clifton's infant daughter (then but six weeks old) on the day she was christened. The child was brought to Matapoisett and secretly adopted by Brown and his wife as their own. She was named Julia, and grew to be a woman. When only sixteen years old she married Mr. Isaac O. Pierce, a printer. Several years ago they moved to Taunton, living for a while at East Taunton, but more recently at the Green. Two children have been born to them, one of whom is now living. During this long period Mrs. Pierce has lived in blissful ignorance of her high parentage; and Mr. Pierce, who took her for better or for worse, has never imagined himself the husband of an heiress.

Last summer, while the Rev. Mr. Talbot, of this city, was at Saragota, he became acquainted with Mr. Clifton and wife, who, it appears, at the break up of the rebellion, converted their Richmond property into cash and moved to Baltimore. In the course of conversation with them Mr. Talbot remarked upon the striking resemblance of Mrs. Clifton to a lady parishioner of his in Taunton. Nothing particular was thought of it at first; but on his repeating the remark, Mrs. Clifton inquired the age of the lady. On being informed that she was about twenty-seven, Mrs. Clifton immediately said to her husband, "Why, that would be just the age of our daughter that was stolen." The matter then received their serious attention. Mr. Talbot was taken into their confidence, and inquiry instituted as to the reputed parents of the young lady. He returned to Taunton; had a conversation with Mrs. Pierce in regard to her parentage; informed her of the Saragota conversation, which led her to ask Mrs. Brown, who she had never doubted was her own mother, if she really was such, at the same time telling her the reason of the inquiry. Mrs. Brown, who had kept the secret of the child's parentage for twenty-seven years, was so overcome by the question and development of facts, that she immediately became ill and died. Before her death, however, she acknowledged that Mrs. Pierce was not her own daughter. Captain Brown died a number of years ago. Within a few weeks the affair has developed itself rapidly. Mr. and Mrs. Clifton and Mrs. Pierce have met, and the old coloured woman who nursed the abducted infant has recognized Mrs. Pierce as their real child by "a mole on her shoulder." The identity of their long-lost daughter having been fully established, Mrs. Pierce and her husband have been invited to live with the Cliftons and share in their wealth; and this they are preparing to do, having broken up housekeeping, and disposed of their furniture. The crum of the affair is that Mrs. Pierce is an only child, and, therefore, sole heiress to an estate said to be worth hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of dollars; or, as an old lady friend of Mrs. Pierce expressed it, "a trifle less than two millions."

DYING A MAN BLUE.—A Vienna journal relates a droll story. A young man, who was paying assiduous court to the wife of a dyer, had the misfortune to be caught by the enraged husband, who called his workmen about him, and without any ceremony, the gallant gay was plunged into a cauldron prepared for imparting a true-blue colour to various fabrics. In a second the unfortunate youth had acquired such a tint that he dares not appear in public. His friends implored the dyer to restore the poor fellow to his natural hue; but the pitiless answer was, "It is impossible. He is of a beautiful colour, and all I can do for him is to change him to a green or violet."

TOOTHACHE. Tio dolores, Foeache, Neuralgia, and all nervous affection. Use Dr. Johnson's Toothache and Tio Pills. They allay pain and give power to the whole nervous system without affecting the bowels. A box, 6d. post, 15 stamps, Rendall, chemist, Clarendon-road, London.—*Advt.*

NO. 1008 COMPLEXION WITHOUT A WILLOOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable, and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family machine. Prospectus &c. on application at 135, Regent-street.—*Advt.*

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The Nord says:—"A telegram from London transmits to us the text of Cardinal Antonelli's reply to the manifesto of the Confederate States. This reply is worded in a manner which shows much sympathy with the Secession Government, and it expresses ardent wishes for the speedy re-establishment of peace. Nothing is more natural than the expression of these humane sentiments by the Pope's Government; but we look in vain in the document of which we are speaking for the slightest allusion to slavery, the slightest wish for its disappearance, and it would not be supposed, in reading this reply, that it emanates from a sovereign who calls himself the representative of Him who struck the first and the most efficacious blow at this abominable institution."

The vacant post of the *Chef de Cabinet*, or private secretary to the Emperor, is said to be filled up. The new secretary is M. Contil, a lawyer and a Corsican. He is a relation of the Baciotes family, and the Baciotes are relations of the Bonapartes. In popular belief the Corsicans are all corsairs more or less removed. It is by no means derogatory to M. Contil that he cannot, any more than anybody else, completely fill up the void caused by the death of M. Mocquard. M. Mocquard's connexion with the Emperor's family began several years before it attained the position it now holds. He had been initiated in its policy from the day when he ceased to be a functionary of the Orleans Government, and probably some time before; and when he retired from his sub-prefecture, and gave up his practice as an advocate, he laboured diligently to promote the cause which he had so much at heart, and which he lived to see prosperous; and the position he obtained was the reward of services which no other party had required from him. M. Contil's talents were long directed to another object, and he enters upon duties which may now be discharged without danger. Some time previous to his death, M. Mocquard, alluding to the good understanding as well as friendly intercourse which had ever existed between himself, Count Baciocchi, and the Emperor, said, "We have, here below, formed a trio, and the Hak which unites us together is so strong that whenever one of us quits the world the two others will soon and inevitably follow him." This singular prediction is likely to be realised, at least for one of the two remaining friends—we mean in the person of Count Baciocchi, who is now dangerously ill.

ITALY.

Prince Humbert, on assuming the command of the territorial division of Naples, addressed the following order of the day to the troops:—

"The King has deigned to confide to me the command of this military division. When at Naples last year, in command of the brigade of the Lombard Grenadiers, I had an opportunity of closely judging of the discipline and noble military spirit with which the corps belonging to this division are animated, as well as of the zeal with which officers and soldiers perform the important and painful service confided to them. Guided by skilful chiefs and by an illustrious general, you have in four years of uninterrupted fatigue restored peace and tranquillity to those countries already infested by brigandage. Officers and soldiers, I am proud of commanding you. Have confidence in me as you have had in my illustrious predecessor who commanded you with so much experience. Continue to perfect yourselves in your different exercises and in military discipline, and let your hearts preserve unflinching affection for the King and faith in the destinies of the country."

"HUMBERT DE SAVOIE."

A KING CUTTING A POOR FIGURE.—The German newspapers have got hold of a shabby transaction, in which the King of Prussia, out a rather undignified figure, while the King of Bavaria seems bent on showing him up. The affair dates as far back as 1849, when his present Majesty, as Crown Prince, marched into Baden somewhat after the late Schleswig-Holstein fashion. To carry out his operations against the Federal Grand Duchy, he had to cross the Rhine at the Bavarian village of Gemersheim, where he halted with his suite on the 17th and 18th of June, taxing to their utmost capabilities the cellar and larder of a local Gasthof. He ran up a little bill of 200 thalers (£80), which, in the hurry of departure, he forgot to discharge, and the worthy Boniface has been ever since seeking redress alternately at Munich and Berlin. This summer he accosted his debtor personally during his visit to Baden-Baden, and was told to forward his account to the chancellor of the household. The latter functionary has had full time to take the royal order for payment; but in November he forwarded to the innkeeper a document printed in all the *Zeitungen* along the Rhine, and signed "Puckler," to the effect that, as Crown Prince, he was then engaged in Federal execution at the cost either of the Diet or of Bavaria, to either of which paymasters the hotel bill for wine, Kirchwasser, cigars, &c., was referred. "The accounts of the Crown Prince have been long since closed"—equivalent to pleading the Statute of Limitations.

THE CONDEMNED CONVICT AT WORCESTER.—The convict, John Butler, who was convicted at the recent Worcestershire winter assizes of the murder of his housekeeper, Caroline Gulliver, continues in the same state of apparent apathy as was manifested by him during his trial. He pays attention to the ministrations of the gaol chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Adlington, but, it is stated, has as yet made no confession. The execution has been fixed for Thursday next. strenuous exertions, however, are being made in Worcester for obtaining a reprieve, and a memorial to the Home Secretary is in course of signature. The grounds for the application are an assertion of the innocence of the condemned man, who, it is declared, has been convicted on insufficient evidence, and a good deal of feeling is manifested in certain quarters. The testimony upon which the prisoner was convicted was purely circumstantial, and the good character previously borne by him—he was the oldest servant of the Severn Navigation Commissioners—has had a great influence in persuading people of his innocence. It will be remembered, however, that the learned judge before whom he was tried (Mr. Justice Byles) expressed his entire concurrence in the verdict of the jury, and left the prisoner no hope of mercy here.

SUICIDE OF A BETRAYED GIRL.—A melancholy suicide took place recently on board an Irish steamer when on her voyage from Plymouth to Ireland. Off the Tuskar Lights, a young woman, a passenger, jumped overboard. The steamer was immediately backed, and a boat was promptly lowered, but the attempt at rescue failed. The young woman told some persons on board that she had been in upper class service in London; but under some pretence had been taken to one of the disreputable dens of the metropolis and seduced. She was about to return to her parents, but on nearing her native land her reason or resolution gave way, and she went to give her last account.—*Western Morning News*

THE VALLEY OF DEATH.—The following is a probable explanation of the origin of the upas tree story:—"A real valley of death exists in Java; it is termed the valley of poison, and is filled to a considerable height with carbonic acid gas, which is exhaled from crevices in the ground. If a man or other animal enter into it he cannot return, and he is not sensible of his danger until he feels himself sinking under the poisonous influence of the atmosphere which surrounds him, the carbonic acid of which it consists rising to a height of eighteen feet from the bottom of the valley. Birds which fly in the atmosphere drop down dead; and a living fox thrown into it dies before it reaches the bottom, which is strewn with carcasses of various animals that have perished in its deleterious air."

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Continue to attend to borders and beds. Give auriculas, carnations, pinks, &c., plenty of air, but water them sparingly. Protect pansies from severe weather. Give a top-dressing of rotten dung between pinks. Plant roses in mild weather; but protect the roots from frosts by well mulching with rotten dung. Look over roots of dahlias, and if young plants are required for beds and borders, excite the roots in a gentle heat.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Take advantage of dry frosty mornings to fork over heavy ground that has been previously trenched; for the more it receives the influence of the frosts the better. In favourable weather, fill up flanks in cabbages. Continue to use the hoe freely. Sow Early Horn carrots on a warm border; and protect in severe weather. Sow peas and beans in favourable weather on a warm border; also in pans or boxes, to be kept in frames for early transplanting. Early short-top radishes may likewise be sown on a warm border, to be well protected with mats or straw. As soon as they vegetate, remove the covering by day, but replace it at night; also, when exposed, protect from birds by lines of thread or worsted, on which hang pieces of coloured cloth.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Prune and fork up the ground near the roots of trees in frosty weather, to destroy the eggs or larvae of grub. Scrape off moss of lichen from stems and branches, and dress espalier or standard trees with a mixture of quicklime, soot, and clay, about the consistency of paint. This will effectually destroy moss and lichen. Thin out cross and crowded branches in all directions.

LORD WHARNCLIFFE AND MR. SEWARD.

The following is the reply of Mr. Seward to the request of Lord Wharncliffe, made through Mr. Adams, that the £17,000 produced by the Liverpool bazar should be distributed among the Confederate prisoners in the North:—

"Department of State, Washington, Dec. 5.

"Sir,—I have received your despatch of the 18th of November, No. 807, together with the papers therein mentioned—viz., a copy of a letter which was addressed to you on the 12th of November last, by Lord Wharncliffe, and a copy of your answer to that letter. You will now inform Lord Wharncliffe that permission for an agent of the committee described by him to visit the insurgents detained in the military prisons of the United States, and to distribute among them seventeen thousand pounds of British gold, is disallowed. Here it is expected that your correspondence with Lord Wharncliffe will end. That correspondence will necessarily become public. On reading it the American public will be well aware that, while the United States have ample means for the support of the prisoners, as well as for every other exigency of the war in which they are engaged, the insurgents, who have blindly rushed into that condition, are suffering no privations that appeal for relief to charity either at home or abroad. The American people will be likely to reflect that the sum thus insidiously headed in the name of humanity constitutes no large portion of the profits which its contributors may be justly supposed to have derived from the insurgents, by exchanging with them arms and munitions of war for the coveted productions of immoral and enervating slave labour, nor will any portion of the American people be disposed to regard the sum thus ostentatiously offered for the relief of captured insurgents as too generous equivalent for the devastation and dissolution which a civil war, promoted and protracted by British subjects, has spread throughout the States, which before were eminently prosperous and happy. Finally, in view of this last officious intervention in our domestic affairs, the American people can hardly fail to recall the warning of the father of our country directed against two great and intimately connected public dangers—namely, sectional faction and foreign intrigue. I do not think the insurgents have become debased, although they have sadly wandered from the ways of loyalty and patriotism. I think that, in common with all our countrymen, they will rejoice in being saved by their considerate and loyal Government from the grave insult which Lord Wharncliffe and his associates, in their zeal for the overthrow of the United States, have prepared for the victims of this unnatural and hopeless rebellion.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

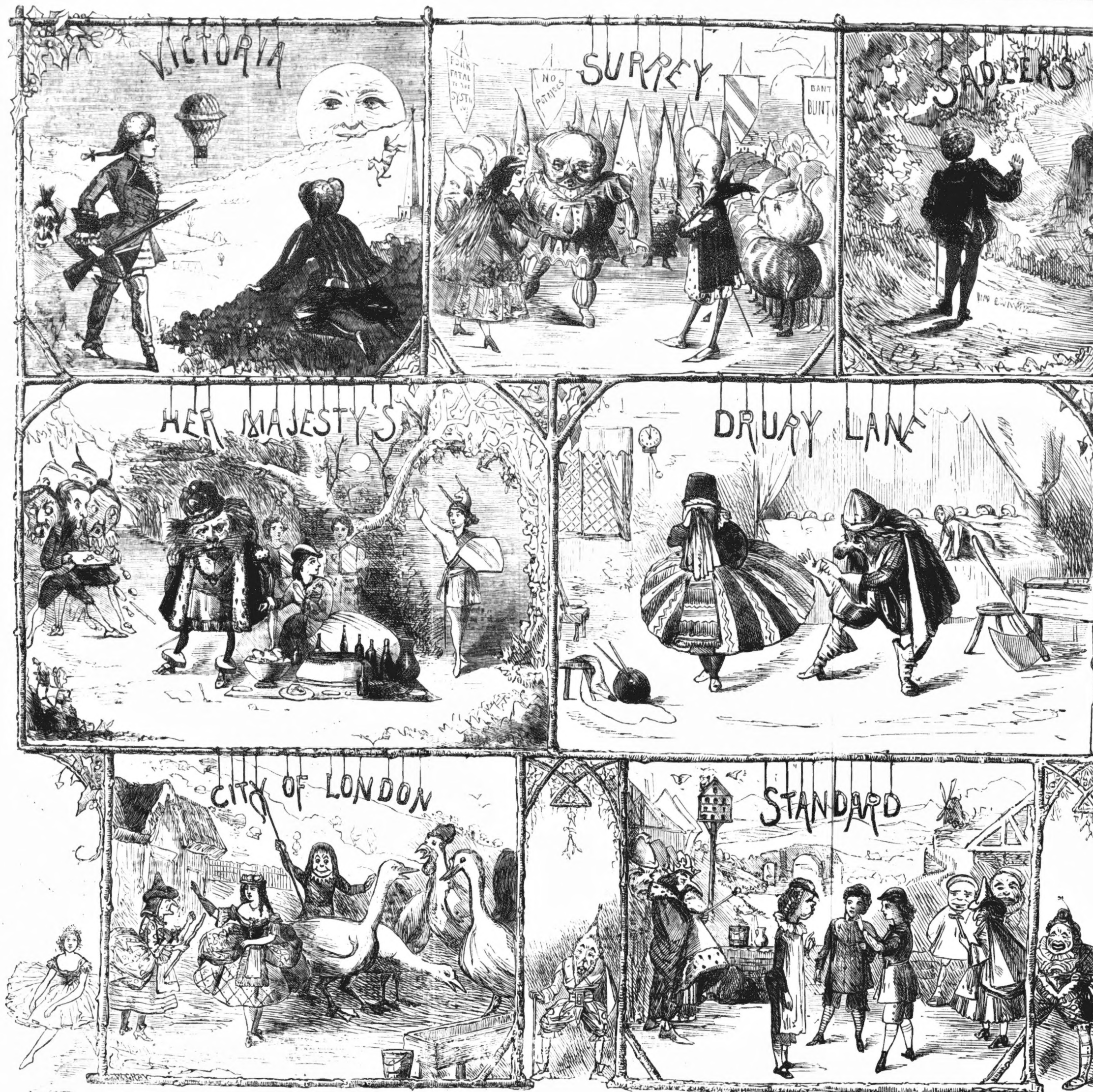
"WILLIAM H. SEWARD."

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.—The Bishop of Treviso (Venetia) has published a pastoral letter strictly forbidding Catholics to attend the funerals of Jews.

HOW BURIAL SOCIETIES ARE MANAGED.—The judge of the Liverpool County Court has been engaged for some days in the investigation of the affairs of the St. Patrick's Burial Society, on the suit of Mr. Hugh Caraher. At the last annual meeting of the society, Mr. Caraher was elected as member of the managing committee; but no committee meeting being called, he wrote to the president, complaining of the way in which the society's affairs were conducted. This request of Mr. Caraher was not complied with, but on the other hand, he was excluded from the committee, on the ground that he had written a communication which was "injurious to the interests of the society." The investigation disclosed some painful and discreditable facts. It appeared that the society has been in existence for many years, and that it has large numbers of members in all parts of the country. Its income amounts to £40,000 a-year. In 1849 its affairs reached a crisis, and it became bankrupt. It was, however, revived, when Mr. Treacy, the present secretary, was appointed to take the office at a salary of 8s. per week, but since that time his salary has been increased to £100 a year, with house rent, coals, and gas in addition. It was also shown that he had recently received the sum of £100 to indemnify him for "extra labour in London." Treacy stated that he had never made any return of his travelling expenses, but was in the habit of placing a certain sum—say £20—in his pocket when he left home, and when he returned he counted how much he had left, and entered the difference as "expenses." It also appeared that several agents of the society had defrauded it to a very considerable extent, but that no steps had been taken to punish them, and that they were still in the employ of the society. Nor did the accounts show how these deficiencies had been caused. Another point was that the president (the Rev. Patrick Phelan) had demanded and had received a salary of £100 per annum, though there was no rule authorizing such payment; also it was stated that the printer to the society had received during the last five years between £3,000 and £4,000. It further transpired that the trustees were the Rev. Mr. Phelan, Treacy, and a man named Judge; and that Judge, a shoemaker, had acted as medical inspector, and as such had received various payments. A receiver was appointed some time ago, and it was arranged that the case should stand adjourned until a full statement of the monetary affairs of the society could be made. It was agreed also that Caraher should in the meantime be reinstated as a member of the society.

A PROLIFIC JEWESS.—A remarkable instance of fecundity has just taken place at Mostaganem (Algeria). The wife of a Jew, named Joseph Korkos, a dealer in cakes, was safely delivered of four children—two boys and two girls. The former are both in good health, but the latter died shortly after birth.

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General News.

The Hon. Mrs. Fitzroy, widow of the late Right Hon. Henry Fitzroy, and daughter of Baron Nathan M. Rothschild, has left in her will a legacy of £100 to the National Lifeboat Institution, to be applied to the purchase of a lifeboat to be called the "Arthur Fitzroy" after her late son.

An old actor, Louis Kremer, has just died at Geneva in a singular way. He was playing *King Lear*, and in his excitement swallowed a portion of his artificial beard, which stuck in his windpipe and choked him.

The reported death of Mr. Saville Kent, father of the child whose murder at Road in the summer of 1860 caused so much excitement, is confirmed.

The friends of the late Marquis of Bristol in Bury St. Edmunds are about to place a stained glass window in his memory in the parish church of St. Mary, in that town. The late marquis represented that borough for thirty-eight years as Earl Jermyn.

It appears from statistics lately published, that during the year 1863 the number of dead bodies deposited at the Morgue of Paris was only sixty-one, instead of from 200 to 300, as formerly the case.

The mail steamer China, from New York on the 14th instant, arrived at Liverpool on Sunday morning. Among the passengers on board were our late minister at Washington, Lord Lyons, and Mr. Major Goldwin Smith.

The *Gloucester Journal* contains the following letter from Lord Fitzhardinge:—"To the Gentlemen and Farmers Residing within the Limits of the Country Hunted by Lord Fitzhardinge.—Berkeley Castle, Dec. 22, 1864.—Gentlemen,—The Rev. Sir E. Colt has a small farm surrounded by my fox covers; his tenant, James Cox, of Wandsworth, has shot several foxes lately, and avows that he will destroy every fox that he can get at, and the small covert belonging to Sir E. Colt is full of traps set for the hounds. I have done all I possibly can to induce the rev. baronet to interfere to prevent his tenant from adopting such a selfish proceeding. He will not state his grievance, neglects to answer my letters, and ends by writing so discourteously that further attempts at conciliation on my part are precluded. Under these circumstances I shall be forced to give up the country, unless by your united endeavours you can induce the rev. baronet to prevent the said James Cox from turning this unneighbourly and selfish course of proceeding—Yours truly,—FITZHARDINGE."

La France asserts that General Fremont will be appointed United States minister at Paris, in place of the late Mr. Dayton.

We are very much afraid that all hope must now be abandoned of the gold ship J. E. H. ever arriving. She left Melbourne on the 16th July, and has therefore been now at sea more than 160 days, and had never been spoken with since she left port. There have been some terrible hurricanes in southern latitudes, but the other vessels from the Australian colonies appear to have experienced nothing beyond ordinary casualties. Fire, or collision with an iceberg, may probably have befallen the J. E. H., which had on board the following passengers:—Miss Lever, Miss Batrop, Mrs. Carter, two children and servant, Dr. Stirling, Mr. H. O. Walker, Mr. Boase, and Mr. Motherwell in the cabin, besides two passengers in the steerage. She had a valuable cargo, including 10,920 z. of gold.

MURDER OF TWO WIVES BY AN ARAB.

A SINGULAR trial recently took place before a council of war at Constantine, in Algeria, a man having to answer to a charge of murdering his two wives. The evidence revealed many curious traits of Arab life, and showed how the natives understand and apply their rights as husbands, and how they punish adulterous wives.

All-Ben-Tabar, of the Mzab tribe, had two consorts, Fatma-ben-Ady-Bukassen and Oukha-ben-Lakher-ben-Kipuf. Both were remarkably beautiful, and on this account their husband had paid considerable sums of money for them. All-Ben-Tabar was sleeping under his tent, and on a waking and casting a glance around he was astonished at not seeing his wives resting on their mats at his side. He left the tent and carefully inspected the vicinity of his dwelling. At a short distance, under a clump of trees, he fancied he heard a sound of voices. He advanced slowly, like a leopard about to seize its prey, but at this moment some clouds which had obscured the moon passed away, and as the flood of pale light suddenly shed upon the earth revealed his form, two women instantly ran from under the trees and took to flight. The distance was too great to allow Tabar to overtake them, and besides this his immediate object was to know if his two wives, or one of them, had been false to him. He soon reached the trees, whence two women flew towards his tent. These fugitives were Ad-Kassen and Kipuf. The Arab quickly appeared before them, and instantly they were ordered to fall on their knees. The mandate was immediately obeyed, but their prayers and supplications met with but one response—"Their names!" Tears and sobs were re-echoed, but Tabar reiterated in a stern voice his demand to know who were the men who had taken to flight on his approach. Receiving no reply, he seized a stout stick, and ceased not to shower blows upon the faithless women till he knew that they were dead. Two other women, relatives of Tabar, attracted by the shrieks for mercy, quitted their tents and became spectators of the tragic scene; but whether it was that they considered the husband to be taking lawful vengeance, or whether they feared his rage would cause him to turn upon them, they remained silent and motionless.

At daybreak Tabar left his tent and presented himself before the officer in charge of the Arab bureau, to whom he said, "I have killed my two wives! I have avenged my outraged honour!" and this avowal he stated when examined in the preliminary stages of the judicial inquiry. At the trial eight witnesses proved the facts, and two of them, called at the request of the father of one of the women, stated that the cause of the quarrel which had arisen between the accused and his victims was idleness on their part. The lie prior to the council observed that this assertion might very properly be doubted, as the father would have a double motive in inducing the court to believe in the truth of his witnesses' statements, for if relied on, the stain of dishonour would not attach to the memory of his daughter, and, in addition, he would be entitled to recover damages against the husband. Tabar, in his examination, said, "I purchased these two women for 600 duros, and by killing them I have lost that amount. If I considered my money lost to my honour I should have let them live."

The judge of the tribunal urged that the penal law should be carried out, adding, however, that the council might take into consideration the extent of the accused founded on the flagrant crime of a uterus; but the council, taking into consideration the facts and circumstances and the outrage done to the husband, pronounced a sentence of acquittal.

A Vicious Elephant.—A long train of caravans, containing a full complement of wild beasts, was passing through Selwyn, when the crowd watching the spectacle at once, a poor old man offered a piece of bread to one of the elephants, and after the animal had taken it, he immediately put out his arm, without the least provocation, except the poor man by the arm, threw him with great violence on the road, and then struck him with such force with his trunk before any one could render assistance that two or three of his ribs were fractured.

SUSPECTED MURDER AT ALDERSHOTT.

On Sunday, the dead body of a man was found at Aldershot under such circumstances as to leave no doubt that the unfortunate deceased was the victim of violence. On the north-west border of the South Camp there is a dreary tract of common, the site of the military cemetery, the cemetery of the civilian population of Aldershot, the Commissariat buildings, and the Government gasworks. A narrow road, leading from Aldershot New-town to Aldershot proper, passes through this district, skirting the town cemetery. The spot, on a winter's night, is about as desolate and cheerless as can well be conceived. About a quarter past seven o'clock on Sunday morning, a person named Hardy, a milk-seller, and his wife were coming along the above-mentioned lane, when they observed a dark object lying on one side of the roadway, and on procuring a light and assistance they found it to be the dead body of a man, covered with blood. There were marks surrounding the spot where the body was lying which showed that a desperate struggle must have taken place. They aroused a man named Finch, a Government warden and parish constable, whose cottage was not more than ten yards distant, and this person at once communicated with the police. Mr. Superintendent Howard, of the Hants constabulary, was promptly in attendance, and, on examining the body, he found it to be that of a pensioner named James Raynsford, who had formerly belonged to the 8th Regiment, and was about fifty-five years of age. The deceased's coat was off, his shirt sleeves were turned up, his fists clenched, and his arms bent in the attitude of fighting. His face was covered with blood. There was a severe cut over his right eye, which was blackened, and his lips were swollen as if from bruises. The clothes were very dirty. The body was conveyed to a building in the cemetery adjacent. From subsequent inquiries made by the police it appears that the deceased was last seen alive at half-past nine o'clock on the night previous at the Royal Exchange Music Hall in Aldershot. He was supposed to have been then under the influence of drink. The spot where his body was discovered was about three-quarters of a mile from this place, and at first there seemed little hope of unravelling the mystery which surrounded his death. The police, however, ascertained that a man named Samuel Watmore, a labourer, had been out late on Saturday night in that neighbourhood, and was known to have entered a beerhouse not far distant. The police proceeded to Watmore's lodgings in Denmark-street, and found the man they were in search of. His clothes had just been washed by the landlady, who was ironing his shirt when the police entered, and she admitted that she washed the shirt because it had blood upon it, and that Watmore had been out in the course of the night. He was wearing the clothes of a lodger while his own were drying, and on the police inspecting the waistcoat which he had worn they found marks of blood upon it. He was then taken into custody, charged with having caused the death of the deceased.

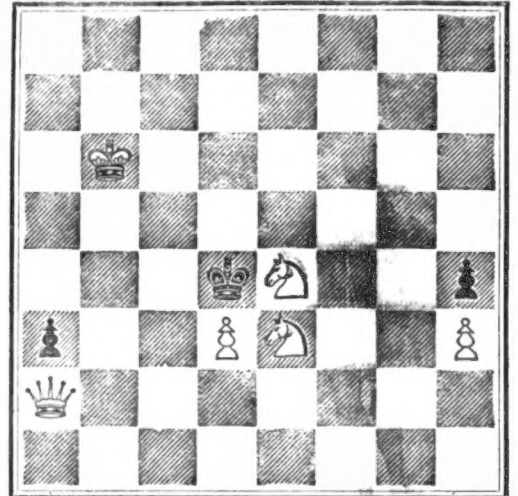
A SHERIFF'S GOOD INTENTIONS FRUSTRATED.

THE Hampshire Independent states that Mr. Sheriff Emanuel, of Southampton, had determined that he would this year go beyond the generosity on the occasion when the holders of that office in Southampton, the provision of abundant good cheer for the debtors in the prison. He had determined to pay the debts for which they were imprisoned, thus setting them free. Unfortunately his intentions too soon became known, and an amusing result was the consequence. The custom prevails in the county court, where the greater proportion of the business transacted consists of plaints preferred by "tally-men," of granting warrants of commitment of defendants for limited periods on the hearing of summonses after judgment, but to suspend their execution during the pleasure of the plaintiffs, in order to give the poor debtors an opportunity of meeting the demands upon them. Mr. Emanuel's generous offer at once presented to this large class of plaintiffs a capital opportunity for the collection of hitherto considered bad debts, whilst to those who did not feel disposed from their own resources to discharge their liabilities, an easy method was thus provided by which they may be relieved from future claims. The county court bailiffs found that they were all at once called upon to do a thriving and unexpected trade, and consequently the arrivals in the debtors' ward of the prison were so numerous as to call the attention of the officials to the circumstance, and Mr. Emanuel was at once communicated with, in order to prevent his being victimised in the way that was intended by the abuse of his good intentions in such a cunning and scandalous manner. The worthy sheriff therefore proceeded to the goal, and there a numerous troop of county-court debtors met his view. "And who put you here?" he said to one. The answer was, "A tallyman." "And who you?" he asked a second. The same reply, "A tallyman." To the third he addressed himself in a similar manner, and was once more told, "A tallyman." The trick was now fully exposed, but Mr. Emanuel nevertheless determined that though his original intentions must be abandoned, they should have a good dinner, and inquired for how many he should provide. "Oh," said the official, "the county-court bailiff told us there would be at least another dozen to-morrow," and a female could not help venting her wrath at the detection of the trick, by exclaiming, "Why I shouldn't have come here but that I thought you were going to pay the debt for me, and I should get out free." We need hardly add that the sheriff departed with his mind a little enlightened as to the frailties of human nature, but notwithstanding the position attempted to be practised upon him, he did not forget that it was Christmas time, and he charitably ordered a good and plentiful dinner for as many as, under such extraordinary circumstances happened to be in the debtors' ward to partake of it.

DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT IN A CHURCH.—At the St. Augustine Petty Sessions, Canterbury, on Saturday, a young man, about 18 years of age, named John Nichols, was charged with misbehaviour in the parish church of Seasalter, near Whitstable, and with disturbing the congregation, on Sunday, the 11th inst. The defendant is respectably connected, his uncle being one of the churchwardens. The information was laid by Mr. C. H. Nichols, churchwarden (uncle of the defendant), who said there had been a great deal of misconduct in the church which it was determined to put a stop to. Police-constable Bates stated that, in consequence of the service being frequently interrupted, and the congregation disturbed, at Seasalter Church, the Rev. Mr. Morris desired him to attend the service on Sunday afternoons and evenings. On Sunday week he saw the defendant misconduct himself. The defendant stooped down and annoyed a little girl in an adjoining pew by taking hold of her legs under the seat. He also got a lot of peas and kept shooting them across the church at people. His conduct was so bad that the officer was obliged to turn him out. He had been turned out for similar conduct once or twice before. Bates further stated that the defendant was one of a large number of boys, about 200 altogether, who attended the service on Sunday evening and behaved in a most disgraceful manner. They amused themselves by throwing nutshells, tobacco-pipes, pieces of paper, &c., at each other and at other members of the congregation as well. He and the rest returned forty-two of them out one Sunday evening. Mr. Mackay said he never heard of a young man so disgraceful that the conduct described by the policeman, and the magistrate had been considering whether they ought not to send the defendant to prison without giving him the option of paying a fine. They had, however, decided to fine him £2 and costs; but it was the full determination of the bench that, in the event of either he or any of his companions being brought before the court for a similar offence, to send them to prison.

Chess

PROBLEM No. 230.—By C. W., of Sunbury.
Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

Game between Messrs. Kempe and Piercy.
[EVANS' GAMBIT.]

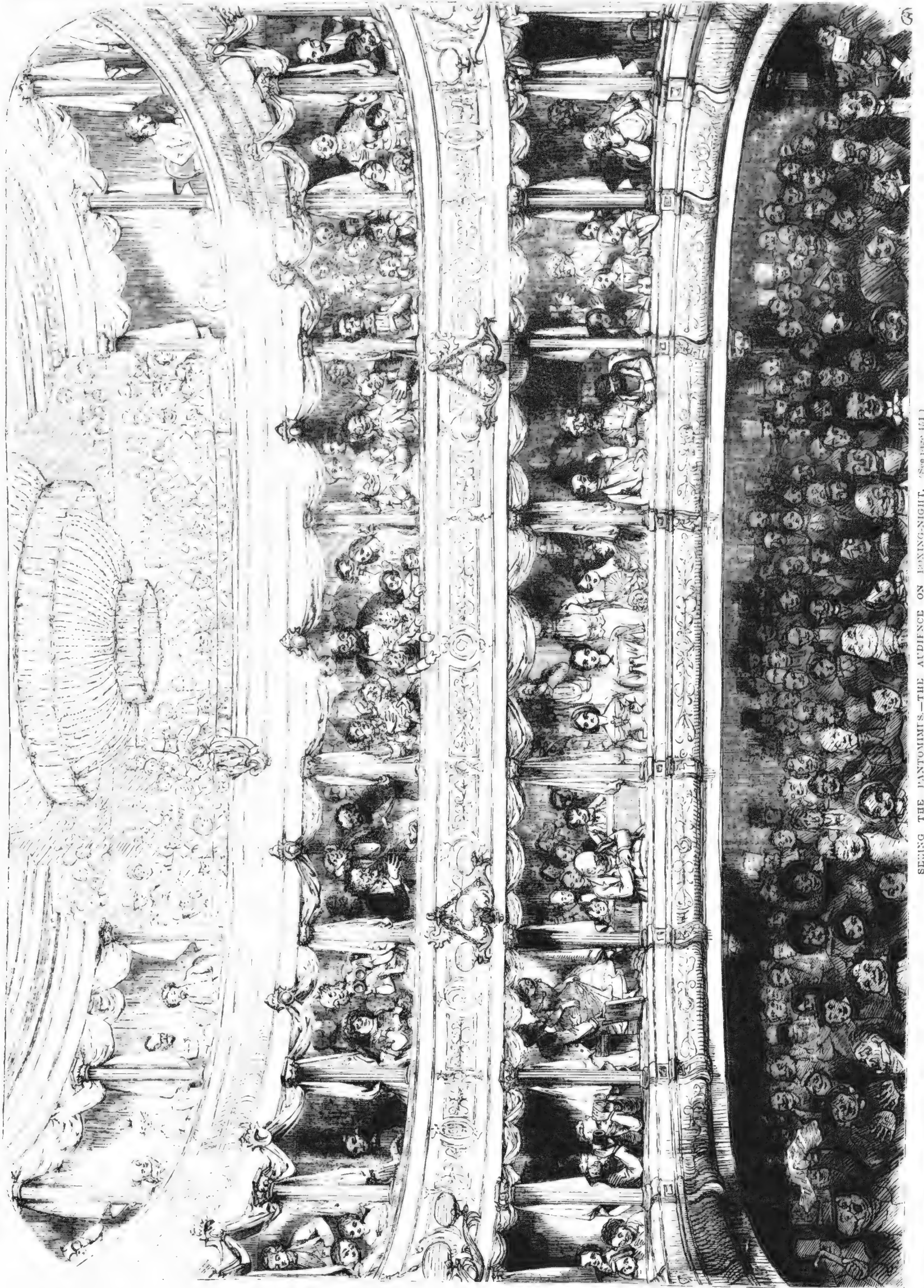
- | White.
Mr. A. Kempe. | Black.
Mr. Piercy. |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. Kt to K B 3 | 2. Kt to Q B 3 |
| 3. B to B 4 | 3. B to B 4 |
| 4. P to Q Kt 4 | 4. B takes P |
| 5. P to Q B 3 | 5. B to Q R 4 |
| 6. Castles | 6. P to Q 3 |
| 7. P to Q 4 | 7. P takes P |
| 8. P takes P | 8. B to Q Kt 3 |
| 9. P to Q 5 | 9. Kt to K 4 (a) |
| 10. Kt takes Kt | 10. P takes Kt |
| 11. B to Q Kt 2 | 11. Q to K 2 |
| 12. B to Q Kt 5 (ch) | 12. K to B square (best) |
| 13. Q to Q B 2 | 13. B to Q B 4 |
| 14. P to Q R 4 (b) | 14. Kt to K B 3 |
| 15. B takes K P | 15. B to Q 3 |
| 16. B takes B | 16. P takes B |
| 17. Kt to Q 2 | 17. B to K Kt 5 |
| 18. P to K B 3 | 18. R to Q B square |
| 19. Q to Q 3 | 19. B to Q 2 |
| 20. K R to Q B square | 20. P to Q R 3 |
| 21. B takes B | 21. Q takes B |
| 22. Kt to Q B 4 | 22. Q to Q square |
| 23. Q to Q Kt 3 | 23. Q to K 2 |
| 24. Kt to Q R 5 | 24. R takes B (ch) |
| 25. R takes R | 25. P to K Kt 3 |
| 26. R to Q B 8 (ch) | 26. K to K 2 |
| 27. R takes R | 27. K takes B |
| 28. Q takes Kt P | 28. Kt to Q 2 |
| 29. Q takes R P | 29. Kt to Q B 4 |
| 30. Q to Q B 4 | 30. Q to K 4 |
| 31. Kt to Q B 6 | 31. Q to B 8 (ch) (c) |
| 32. K to B 2 | 32. Q to Kt 7 (ch) |
| 33. K to Kt 3 | 33. P to K R 4 |
| 34. Q to Q 4 (ch) | 34. Q takes Q |
| 35. Kt takes Q | 35. Kt takes P (d) |
| 36. K to B 4 | 36. K to Kt 2 |
| 37. P to K Kt 1 | 37. P takes P |
| 38. K takes P | 38. K to B 3 |
| 39. P to R 4 | 39. Kt to Q B 4 |
| 40. K to B 4 | 40. Kt to Q 6 (ch) |
| 41. K to K 2 | 41. Kt to K 4 |
| 42. P to K B 4 | 42. Kt to K 5 (ch) |
| 43. K to B 3 | 43. Kt to R 3 |
| 44. Kt to Q Kt 5 | 44. K to K 2 |
| 45. P to K 5 | 45. P takes P |
| 46. P takes P | 46. Kt to Kt square |
| 47. K to B 4 | 47. P to B 3 |
| 48. P to Q 6 (ch) | 48. K to K 3 |
| 49. Kt to Q 7 (ch) | 49. K to Q 2 |
| 50. K to K 4 | 50. K to B 8 |
| 51. Kt to K 8 | 51. P to B 4 (ch) |
| 52. K to B 4 | 52. K to Q 2 |
| 53. Kt to B 6 (ch) | 53. Kt takes Kt |
| 54. P takes Kt | 54. K takes P |
| 55. K to Kt 5 | 55. K to Q 2 |
| 56. K takes P | 56. K to K square |
| 57. K to Kt 7, and wins. | |

- (a) Always a bad move in the "Evans."
(b) He might have taken K P with B.
(c) White played for these checks in order to gain moves with the King.
(d) Winning a Pawn, but taking his Knight too far off.
[Forwarded by Mr. Rastger.]

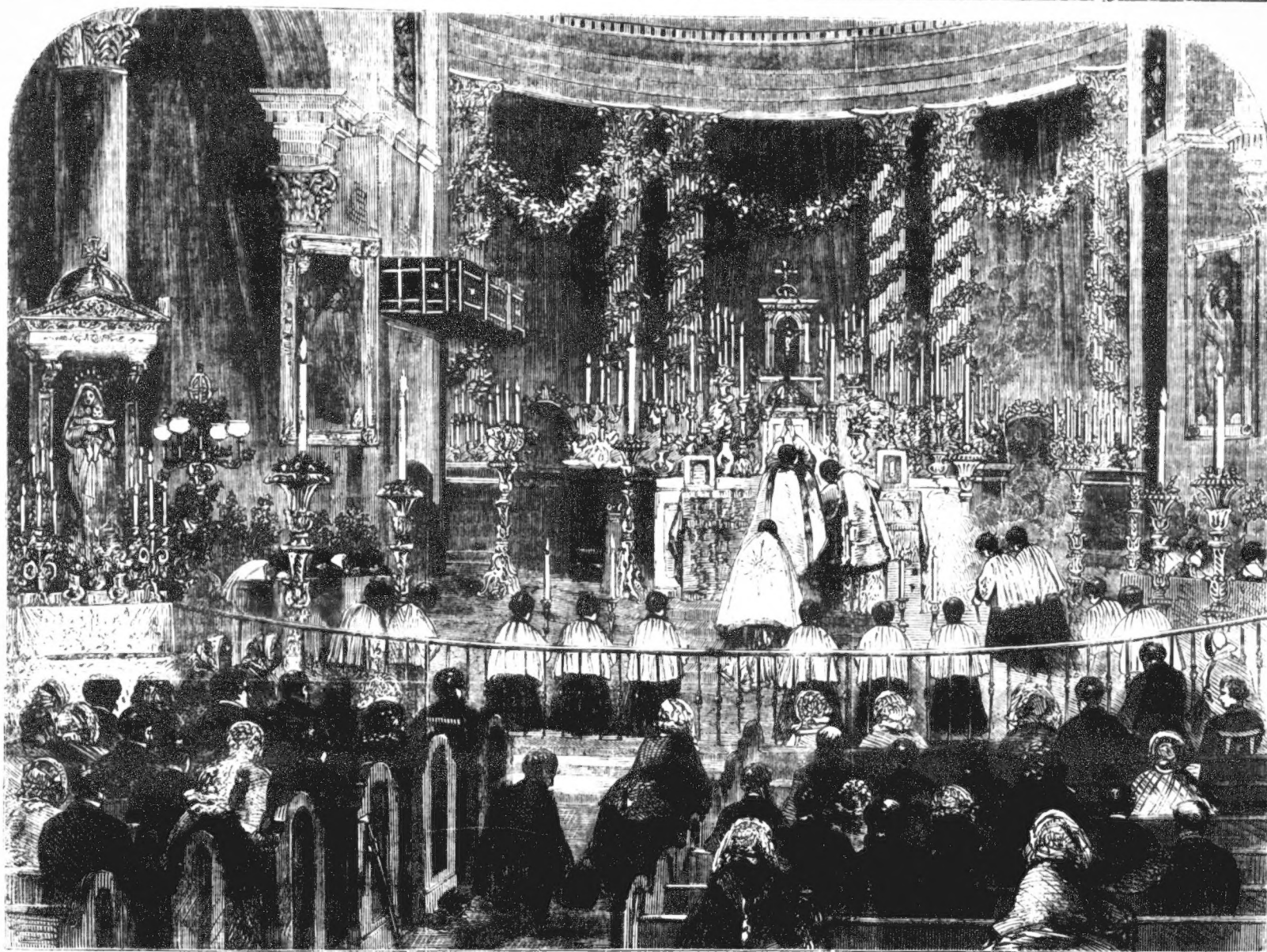
DEATH IN A PULPIT.—A sad sense of bereavement has been induced in Farnborough in consequence of the death, under somewhat sudden and indeed very remarkable circumstances, of the Rev. Hugh Hughes, more generally known as Tegai. The reverend divine held a very eminent position among the dissenting ministers of Wessex, and he was not more distinguished for his piety and simplicity of life than for the nervous power and eloquence with which his pulpit discourses were commonly clothed. On the Sunday he preached a discourse having significant reference to the uncertainty of life, for which he chose as the text the remarkable declaration of Scripture, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." He was explaining the passage, and applying it with fervour and power, when he was observed suddenly to stagger and fall. Those present rushed around him and raised him up, when it was found that he had been seized with paralysis, of which some time previously he had had an attack, although not of a character sufficiently severe to compel him to entirely cease from his pastoral and pulpit labours. He was carried to his residence in a state of stupor, and never spoke afterwards. Every attention was paid to him, but his malady was beyond the reach of human skill, and on Friday it became known among his many admirers that he had breathed his last during the previous night.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

TEA UNCOLOURED TEAS are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker, Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. These teas combine fine flavour with lasting strength, and are more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use hence their great demand.—*Advert.*

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SEEING THE PANTOMIME.—THE AUDIENCE ON EVENING-NIGHT. (See page 451.)



MIDNIGHT MASS ON CHRISTMAS-EVE AT THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL, MOORFIELDS.

MIDNIGHT MASS AT ST. MARYS, MOORFIELDS.

The ceremony of mass is always imposing, but never so striking as when performed at that hour which, whether by association, or tradition, or what not, is still invested with a certain degree of solemnity—the hour of midnight. The Church of Rome, which knows so well how to give force and effect to her ritual, prescribes, or rather permits, the celebration of mass at midnight on Christmas Eve. The origin of the custom is the tradition mentioned by St.

Jerome—that the Divine Saviour of the world was born at midnight. The celebration of the "divine mysteries" at that hour has, therefore, a peculiar meaning; since, according to Catholic belief, the same Redeemer is there rendered present who first appeared to the eyes of men in the stable at Bethlehem.

On this festival alone, of the whole year, are the clergy of the Church of Rome allowed to celebrate three masses, which are respectively called "De Nocte," "In Aurora," and "In die Nativitatis Domini"—a practice mentioned in one of his Christmas homilies by

St. Gregory the Great, as a reason why his discourse on the Gospel of the first part of these masses is unusually short. In the Prayer Book of the Church of England the Communion Service bears traces of the ancient practice—the Epistle, Gospel, and Collect being nearly those of the third mass. We may add that in Catholic countries Christmas Eve is kept with a religious feeling which contrasts not a little with the riotous festivity common amongst us on the same occasion, though this year, falling as it did the night previous to Sunday, more decorum was exercised than usual.

Literature.

THE WIFE'S EXPEDIENT.

"And of course you are perfectly happy, Lillian?"

Mrs. Esterbrook's large dark eyes were fixed a moment upon her friend's face, then turned away with a singular expression of gravity mingled in their smiling light.

"Perfectly happy, Patience? Do you suppose it is a possible thing for any one to be perfectly happy on this side of the grave?"

"That's not answering my question," retorted Miss Patience Meeker, abruptly. "Don't suppose that I'm blind, or deaf, just because I'm an old maid. Speak out at once, Lily Esterbrook, like a reasonable woman, or else tell me directly that it's none of my business!"

They were just turning into Elton-square, mechanically following the tide of evening promenaders that was flowing in billows of rainbow silks and superfine broadcloth on the esplanade. Mrs. Esterbrook was a tall, queenly-looking woman, with dark hair and eyes, an olive complexion, and features chiselled with singular regularity. Her dress was rich and tasteful in the last degree—wine-coloured moiré-antique—velvet cloak, whose superb folds nearly touched the ground, and a set of rare Russian sables.

After a very different pattern was Miss Patience Meeker modelled. A little plump creature with arched eyebrows, a nose that was decidedly pug, and curly reddish hair, there was something in her shrewd black eye that reminded you irresistibly of a fat little brown squirrel—an effect that was unconsciously heightened by her brown merino dress and russet shawl.

"I am happy—of course," replied Mrs. Esterbrook, rather absently, contemplating the pearl handle of her parasol.

"Now look here, Lily," said Patience, inclining her head forward so that the squirrel eyes could command a fair vantage ground, "that's all fiddlestick."

"Patience!"

"I don't care—it is, and I shan't stand it a minute longer! I know what you think, Lily—you think because I'm a single female I don't know anything! I can read what's in your mind, just as easily as a big print dictionary!"

"But, dear Patience, I assure you—"

The squirrel gave an indignant flit to the plume of brown feathers in her little beaver bonnet.

"Now I tell you what, Lillian Esterbrook, it isn't my fault that I'm an old maid! it's simply want of taste in the gentlemen of my acquaintance. I never had an offer—if I had, don't you suppose

I should have snapped at it. That I should! I don't like to carry my own handboxes, and put on my own over-shoes, and order my own solitary breakfasts, any better than other folks. I wouldn't do it if I could help it. But I can't—and there's the long and the short and the top and the tail of the thing! I know I'm an old maid, Lily, but old maids aren't fools!"

"I never for an instant supposed that they were, Patience," laughed Mrs. Esterbrook.

"Then why do you treat me like one?" demanded the squirrel, indignantly winking her eyes.

"Do I?"

"Do you?" mimicked Miss Patience. "Lily Esterbrook, you're not happy, and you know you're not! Now, why couldn't you tell me so at once, instead of dodging the question? What ails the stately Lily-flower that I've always been so fond of?"

The softened tone in which she spoke the last sentence brought a moisture into Mrs. Esterbrook's eyes.

"I ought to be very happy, Patience," she began, "but—"

"Is he touchy? Does he scold, and stamp, and grumble, like a cross mastiff, when things don't go by rule and plummet?"

"No, indeed! I've never seen him out of temper yet," returned Mrs. Esterbrook.

"Perhaps he's too sweet? I've heard of such things."

"Nothing of the kind!"

"Likes sherry and champagne a little too well, eh?"

"Never!" enunciated the young wife, spiritedly.

"Smokes in the parlour?"

"I don't object to the smell of a good cigar."

"Flirts with other people's wives?"

"Certainly not!"

"Oh, well," ejaculated Miss Patience, with mock humility, "then he's an angel, with wings neatly folded up under his broadcloth coat—and I don't pretend to be a judge of that sort of gentry."

"He is the best, kindest, most indulgent of husbands," enthusiastically exclaimed Mrs. Esterbrook, "but—"

She stopped abruptly, with a faint crimson dashing the olive glow of her brunette cheek, as a tall, handsome gentleman detached himself from a group who were standing on the steps of a fashionable club-house, and came to her side.

"My dear Lily, how fortunate! I'm just in time to walk home with you."

Mrs. Esterbrook turned towards Miss Patience.

"My husband, Miss Meeker," she said, with pride, that was mingled with a little vexation.

"Oh—the angel!" thought Miss Patience, curling primly. Esther rumbled about the feathers, however; strings of the harp not properly secured up; vest buttons all a-gape; boots not blacked

cost decidedly rusty; no gloves; hands in his pockets; I see—I see!"

"Sam," ejaculated Lily, under her breath, "why did you put on that pre-Adamite coat?"

"It was the first I came across," apologized Mr. Samuel Esterbrook. "I'm sure it's very respectable."

"Very respectable!" repeated Lily, in accents of despair. "Oh, Sam!"

Miss Patience Meeker did not hear the whispered dialogue, but she saw the deepening colour of Lily's cheek, and the curve of her lip, and understood matters perfectly.

"Lily," she said, twitching at her friend's cloak, as they were parting on the brown stone steps of the Esterbrook mansion—"Lily!"

"Yes, Patience."

"You, Mr. Husband, go up and ring the bell," commanded the little old maid, authoritatively. "There, he's got rid of! I say, Lily, did you ever study into the principles of the homeopathic method?"

"No," said wondering Lily, with her black eyes widely opened.

"Well, when they've a patient very ill with some disease, they give him something that aggravates his symptoms, and produces the same disease in an acuter form—on the principle that like cures like; or, to put it in a vulgar formula or words, they believe in administering a hair of the dog that bit you."

"I don't understand you, Patience."

"Never mind; just remember what I tell you."

And the little brown squirrel glided away down the street, more like the bright-eyed rover of the woods than ever.

When Mrs. Esterbrook came down into her husband's library that evening, all dressed for the brilliant party that was to be given in her special honour, she was sitting by the fire, with his feet supported on the velvet cushions of a chair opposite, and one hand buried thoughtfully in his wavy auburn curls, perfectly absorbed, to all outward appearance, in the pages of a new publication.

"Ready to goon, Lillian? Upon my word, you look awfully pretty to-night!"

She did look "pretty," in her dress of glistening white silk, embroidered in tiny sprays of seed pearls, and relieved by the crimson japonicas, whose waxy petals gleamed like splashes of blood in her magnificent black hair. She was complete—from the diamonds that blazed around her throat to the tiny satin slippers, the elegant white fan, and the bouquet in its holder of frosted silver.

"We are late already, Sam," she said, a little impatiently.

"Very well, cara mia; I await your commands."

"Not in the dress, Sam!"

"Why not, what ails the dress?"

"Your collar is wrinkled—your sleeve buttons have not been fastened in—your coat is getting to be threadbare, and—"

"Nonsense, darling," said her husband, with an air of lofty superiority. "Do you suppose the whole world is as fastidious as you are in the matter of outward adornment?"

"But, Sam, do alter your costume a little. Remember what a crowd of people we shall meet at the party."

"My dear, I would give up forty parties sooner than make such an abject slave of myself to the Moloch of fashion."

"But why not oblige me, Sam?"

"Too much trouble, Lily; altogether, too much trouble."

"Is that the only reason?"

"Well, no; not entirely. I've a theory that these arbitrary distinctions of dress should be ignored by people who pretend to common sense, and—"

Lily's eyes sparkled indignantly.

"Sam, I've a great mind not to go with you to-night!"

"Just as you please, wife. I think myself that a social evening by the fireside is preferable to one of these fashionable squeezes where people can't turn around without stepping on a dozen pair of toes."

This was plainly no way out of the labyrinth, and Lily submitted to her fate with resignation worthy of a martyr.

The carriage is ready, Mr. Esterbrook," announced a servant; and Mrs. Esterbrook took her husband's arm without a word.

She was standing in a corner, waiting patiently for her partner to bring an ice-cream, towards the middle of the evening, when one or two lightly spoken sentences reached her ear from a gay group in front.

"I've seen him once before—who on earth can he be?"

"Which one do you mean?"

"That curious-looking genius with the antediluvian coat and comical shirt collar! He has rather a fine face, too; but, ye fates! what a ridiculous style of dress! Is he poor? or is he simply eccentric?"

"That is Mr. Esterbrook, the husband of the lady in whose honour this party was given."

"Nonsense—you are joking."

"I am not, upon my honour."

"Why upon earth does he make such an absurd figure of himself?"

"Well, it's his style, I believe. He even prides himself upon neglecting his dress."

"Then I'd go out to the Owhyhee Islands, where the people are still less particular. If I were he," returned the first speaker.

At that instant the ice-cream and partner arrived simultaneously, and the rest of the conversation was lost to Mrs. Esterbrook's ears.

But she had heard quite enough to set her blood to boiling, and her heart to throbbing with keen acute mortification. This, then, was the light in which her husband was regarded by the world whose frowns and customs he set at defiance. Was there no way to cure him of this absurd infatuation?

Like a sudden gleam of light, the enigmatically-worded advice of Miss Patience Meeker recurred to her mind.

"I understand her meaning now," she mused to herself. "Yes—it is surely worth the trial."

Immediately after breakfast the next morning Mrs. Esterbrook went up into an apartment called by courtesy "the store-room"—a walled repository of cast off garments, antique bonnets, and cloaks belonging to a past age. How she amused herself there all day long we refrain from disclosing.

"Well, Puss," said Mr. Esterbrook at dinner, "here are tickets for the private view of the new gallery of paintings. All our friends will be there, and I knew you would enjoy going."

"Thank you, Sam, I shall be much pleased," said Mrs. Esterbrook, demurely. "At eight, eh? Well, I shall be ready in time."

Just as the clock chimed eight Mr. Esterbrook started up and rang the bell.

"Jane! tell your mistress we shall be late."

"Mrs. Esterbrook has been waiting in the carriage some time, sir," said the maid, smothering a strong inclination to laugh.

And they drove swiftly away.

"Hal-lo!" ejaculated Mr. Esterbrook, in open-mouthed amazement, as his wife entered the brilliantly-lighted gallery, leaning on his arm. "Why, what the deuce have you done to yourself?"

She was dressed in a soiled green silk, whose draperies of blonde were torn and hanging, and whose skirt trailed at least half a yard on the ground, unsupported by the slightest pretence to crinoline. A bonnet of crumpled white lace clung on to the back of her head, with a green veil thrown over its side, and a gorgeously plaided basket shawl was drawn tightly around her. She wore neither collar nor undersleeves, and a pair of green cotton gloves adorned her hands.

Mrs. Esterbrook lifted her black eyes to her husband's astonished countenance with the utmost gravity.

"You see, my dear Sam," she said, quietly, "I have been thinking over what you said last evening, and I've come to the conclusion that it is rather ridiculous to be such a slave to fashion. In this costume, which I flatter myself is at once striking and original, I bid defiance to what you so forcibly characterized as the arbitrary distinction of dress."

"Yes, but—here, come a little into the shadow, people are staring at you as if you were a sixpenny show!" exclaimed Mr. Esterbrook, biting his lip with mortified vexation.

But Mrs. Esterbrook, although her womanly nature was keenly sensitive to the perfumed crowds who were gathering with strange looks and whispered comment around her, absolutely refused to stir.

"Honesty, my husband," she said, "we will walk the pathways of Reform, hand in hand. If my dress and your coat are old-fashioned, what then? If you bid defiance to society by crumpled shirt-collars, why I will go farther still, and wear no collar at all! We will be blind, driven slaves no longer!"

She flourished the cotton gloves in the air as she concluded her tirade.

"Lillian! Lillian! are you mad?" whispered the aghast husband.

"No—only independent!"

"I think—really think we had better go home," hurriedly exclaimed Mr. Esterbrook.

"But we haven't seen the pictures."

"Never mind the pictures, I—I don't feel very well."

"Surely, my dear," said Mrs. Esterbrook, stopping short, and looking keenly into her husband's averted eyes, "you are not ashamed of my dress?"

"Yes, I am," returned her husband, doggedly. "You have your answer now. I am ready to sink into the very ground with mortification at my wife's having chosen to make such a spectacle of herself. Ashamed! I should think I was, Mrs. Esterbrook!"

"Well, my dear husband," said Lillian, quietly, "I have been ashamed of your dress many and many a time, and ready, as you say, to sink into the ground with mortification. Are we even at last?"

"Lillian!"

"Samuel!"

He drew her arm beneath his, and hurried her down to the carriage without a word. Nor did he utter a syllable until they stood once more in the cheerful little library, by the fire.

"Lily," he said gently, "I understand. It is the last time you shall have cause to complain of my toilet."

"You are not angry, Sam?"

"I was at first, Lily—but I see now, very distinctly, what a fool I have been. We'll have a treaty, pet—hereafter you shall regulate the style of your dress by mine!"

"May I, Sam? But if—"

He put his hand laughingly over her mouth.

"There shall be no 'ifs' in the case."

Nor were there. The next evening Mr. Esterbrook's dress might have challenged the criticism of the severest censor in society, for its perfect neatness and simple propriety. Lillian's practical lesson had conquered a habit that years of coaxing, pointing, and entreaty might have failed to subdue.

A week or so subsequently, Miss Patience Meeker met the Esterbrooks at a concert. She put up her veil, the better to survey matters, and smiled quietly to herself.

"I say, Lillian," she whispered, catching at Mrs. Esterbrook's velvet cloak as they were going out, "what do you think of the homely practice? Are you perfectly happy now?"

Mrs. Esterbrook's face was like sunshine, as she answered, with a fervent clasp of Miss Patience's hand, "Yes, perfectly happy!"

THE POPE'S BODY GUARD.

A LETTER from Rome says:—"The usually peaceful repose of the corps of noble guards has been disturbed by a duel between two of its members, the Marquis del Monte and the Duke Lante, who fought with sabres last week, fortunately without other result than a slight cut on the duke's hand. The Pope was very angry at such a flagrant infringement of his positive prohibition of duelling, and, in spite of the interposition of the Duke of Castelvecchio, commandant of the corps, insisted upon their instant dismissal. The duel arose out of a box on the ears inflicted by young Prince Orsini on another son of a princely Roman house, a member of the noble guard, in a public cafe. It was expected that a duel would have been the result of so open an affront, but when it was known on the following morning that a reconciliation had taken place, forty of the guards waited on the Duke of Castelvecchio to demand the expulsion of their comrade from the corps. His voluntary resignation having rendered this unnecessary, something more was considered requisite for the honour of the corps, and consequently the above duel was enacted. Duelling is severely punishable by the laws of Rome, but as the commandant demonstrated to the Pope that in the present instance the transgression arose only from zeal for the honour of the corps, his holiness was pleased to remit any penalty beyond the dismissal of the two combatants. The Pope's noble guards are cadets of noble Roman and provincial families. The pay of a private, who by courtesy ranks with an officer of the line, is about a guinea a week. The commandant ranks as a general of brigade, and has proportionate pay. The duties of the guards are light, consisting in escorting the Pope's carriage and waiting in his ante-chamber."

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT TO A SOMNAMBULIST.

An accident of a serious character occurred a few nights ago to a lady somnambulist, at Clifton. Among the visitors attracted to this fashionable suburb of Bristol during the week of the inauguration of the suspension-bridge was a lady named Luckman. She was residing at a well-known boarding-house called Lion Spring House, situated in the neighbourhood of the suspension-bridge, and which has a verandah running along the whole of its frontage before the drawing-room windows. The windows open on to the verandah, which is large enough to admit of placing chairs there for the accommodation of those of the visitors who choose to sit there to view the scenery in the neighbourhood of the gorge spanned by the bridge. In front of the house is a flower garden some twelve feet wide, enclosed with a wall some three feet high, surmounted with iron railings with head-spikes. Immediately in front of the windows on the basement story, is a gravel walk, and this is separated from the garden by a second line of railings about three feet high, and also furnished with head-spikes. It appears that a few nights after the opening of the bridge, police-sergeant 19, of the Clifton division, was on duty at the top of Granby-hill shortly after midnight, when he heard a piercing shriek coming from the neighbourhood of Lion Spring House, and so loud and shrill that it was also heard by the policeman on the beat at Clifton Turnpike-gate. He immediately hastened to the spot, and found Mrs. Luckman lying in the garden in her night-dress, and evidently considerably injured. The inmates of the house had already been aroused by a young man, who was passing at the time; and it appeared that the lady had walked from her bedroom in her sleep, entered the drawing-room, gained access to the verandah, and fallen over into the garden, a distance of sixteen or twenty feet. Fortunately, in her descent she cleared the inner railings and fell on a flower-bed in the garden, but she had a narrow escape of being impaled on the head-spikes of the railings, when the accident would certainly have been far more serious. We are given to understand that one of her legs was broken, and, on being assisted to her bed, she complained of pains in her back and side. Mr. W. Cross, surgeon, of Clifton-place, was sent for immediately, and he was speedily in attendance. The lady has received careful medical treatment, under which she is progressing very favourably. She is a middle-aged person, and from her appearance it is conjectured that she fell with considerable force. How she got over the rail of the verandah, which is about three feet high, is not known, but, strange to say, a chair was found there. This had been taken from the drawing-room, through the window by which the somnambulist let herself out; and whether she had been accustomed to sit there and intended to do so on the present occasion, or whether she used the chair as a means of getting up and standing upon the handrail from which she fell, cannot be ascertained. When picked up in the garden she had no idea of how she came there, and the matter created considerable excitement and alarm, but it was soon ascertained that the lady was a somnambulist. The doors of the bedroom and drawing-room, &c., were found open, and other indications clearly proved that she had got out of her bed while asleep and walked through the house, opening the several doors leading to the drawing-room.

FATAL BRAWL.—A sad spectacle was presented in the immediate vicinity of Brighton on the morning of Christmas-day. A party was assembled on Christmas-eve at the house of a Mr. Coombs, at Hove, and after enjoying themselves until morning they left to return home, with the exception of one man, named Sharp. The result of his remaining was that an altercation took place between him and Coombs, and the latter, who is a perfect cripple, having lost both legs, is said to have become frightfully infuriated, and to have cried out in his rage, accompanying the expression with an oath, "I'll shoot you." The words were no idle threat, for he immediately took down his gun from over the mantelpiece, whether with the knowledge that it was loaded or not cannot yet be determined, but he deliberately shot the man Sharp in the head, blowing his brains out, and, of course, killing him on the spot. One of the East Sussex constabulary, Police-constable Bristowe, hearing the report of the gun, immediately went to Coombs's house, and as once discovered the fearful deed that had been done. On his entering, indeed, Coombs had still the gun in his hands with which the murder had been committed. In reply to the horror-struck policeman, who, seeing the bleeding corpse before him, asked him what he had been doing, Coombs replied that he thought he had only done what he had a right to do. He was immediately taken into custody.

We recommend our readers who require any Christmas Amusements or Presents to inspect the stock of Electric, Galvanic, and Chemical Apparatus at Mr. Faulkner's Laboratory, 40, Endell-street. We draw especial attention to the newly-invented diaphanous Electric Col, for giving shocks, and for the cure of various diseases, used without battery or acid; also to the brilliant light made by burning Magnesian Wire, which is now sold at 2d per foot; and to the Magnetic Electric Engine, a beautiful piece of apparatus, price 25s. to 30s. [Advertisement.]

DREADFUL ACCIDENT AT GIBRALTAR.

It is our painful duty to record a dreadful accident which occurred in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar yesterday, by which five persons lost their lives, three of them officers of the garrison and the two others natives of this city. An Irish jaunting car, with four officers, the driver, and a postilion on the leading horse, were carried away by the current when crossing the mouth of the stream at the Orange-grove, and of the whole party, one only, Captain Hopkins, of the 15th Regiment, escaped with his life, all the others having perished. The circumstances of this deplorable event, as they have been reported to us, are as follows:—Captain Hopkins and Lieutenant Boulbee, of the 15th, left the garrison in a boat yesterday morning for the purpose of shooting between the rivers. The threatening aspect of the weather led them to return by land instead of by sea, as they had originally intended. On their way back they overtook at the first river Ensigns Vernon and Blunt, of the 9th Regiment, who had also gone into Spain for the purpose of shooting, and were returning in a jaunting car. The latter invited the officers of the 15th to take a seat in their conveyance, which they did, and the whole party proceeded along the beach on their way to the rock. No apprehension seems to have been felt that the stream which runs into the sea at the Orange-grove was rendered dangerous by the rain which had been falling all day, and the horses took the ford at the usual place at the mouth. But this ordinarily insignificant stream had been swollen by the rain, and was rushing with the force of a torrent, and when near the centre, the horses were carried off their legs, the car upset, and the party on it left struggling in the water. Captain Hopkins and Lieutenant Boulbee were on the side of the car facing seawards, and Ensigns Vernon and Blunt on the land side. Captain Hopkins occupied on his side the seat nearest the shafts, and to this circumstance he attributes his escape. When the current was carrying horses and car into the sea he sprang forward as far as he could, in order to clear the plunging and struggling horses. This leap carried him from near the centre to close to the edge of the main current, and after being whirled about for a minute or two, he was cast by an eddy, and the breakers coming in from the sea into slack water, recovered his footing and got to land with the assistance of a Spaniard from the Orange-grove, who rushed into the water to his assistance. Lieutenant Boulbee, who sprang out at the back of the car, and consequently leaped into the strong central current, was swept into the sea, the rapidity of the stream preventing his recovering his footing. Ensigns Vernon and Blunt were carried off in the same way. Captain Hopkins is a good swimmer, but was whirled and tossed about like a straw upon the current, and utterly powerless to extricate himself until he was carried, as above stated, into still water. As soon as the accident was observed at the village at the Orange-grove, a boat was launched and manned and went to the rescue, but did not succeed in saving any of the party. The body of Lieutenant Boulbee, after the space of half an hour, was washed up on the beach close to the stream, and that of Ensign Blunt was cast up on nearly the same spot about a quarter of an hour afterwards. Lieutenant Boulbee's body was taken at once to a neighbouring hut, and Captain Hopkins endeavoured by friction and other means to restore animation, but all the efforts of himself and those who assisted him were fruitless. The bodies of Ensign Vernon, and also the driver of the car, Daniel Sullivan, a youth of about twenty years of age, and of Rafael Barco, the postilion, a boy of twelve, have not been found. The car floated out to sea, the shaft horse was drowned, being encumbered by the car, but the leader was still alive and striking out for the shore, when the boat took him in tow and brought him to land, with the dead horse and car to which he was harnessed. Captain Hopkins reports that the lieutenant commanding the post of Carabineros at the Orange-grove, and another Spanish official, were on the spot and rendered every assistance in their power towards recovering the bodies, besides courteously and kindly making offers of personal assistance to himself.—*Gibraltar Chronicle*, Dec. 14.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO THE INDIAN COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

SIR HUGH ROSE has met with an accident, having been thrown from his horse while hunting. The *Mossillite* of the 22nd November gives the following particulars:—

"With regard to the lamentable accident that occurred to his excellency the Commander-in-Chief yesterday morning, and the many rumours flying about, we think it only right to publish the following authentic information, to allay any misapprehension on the subject:—

"Meerut, Saturday evening.

"A sad accident occurred to his excellency this morning. Sir Hugh was driven in a four-in-hand drag to the meet. We had one capital run of twenty minutes, and killed. Also a second run, and killed. The hounds were then put on a third jockal, and after a burst of five or ten minutes at a rattling pace we came to a ditch and stiff wall, which were jumped by Major Wilkin and the hounds, followed closely by his excellency, whose horse (a celebrated Water) hit the top of the bank, and turned a complete somersault, falling on his excellency. Major Wilkin jumped off, and was the first to pick up Sir Hugh. He was perfectly insensible, but recovered partially in about ten minutes. We moved him to General Wheeler's house on a charpoy. The doctor is afraid that some ribs are broken in addition to a severe concussion, but hopes that a month will set his excellency all right."

"We were favoured with the following bulletin at noon this day:—

"His excellency the Commander-in-Chief has passed a very good night, and it is hoped and believed there is no very serious injury further than a broken rib. We are glad to be able to state that up to a late hour last evening his excellency Sir Hugh Rose was getting on very well indeed."

NOT DEAD YET.—At a sitting of the West India Encumbered Estates Commissioners, on the 14th instant, for the settlement of the schedule of encumbrances *ex parte* Dawkins, the embarrassing incident took place of the appearance in person as a claimant of Mr. George Craggs Parker, a gentleman who was supposed to have died in Paris during the revolution of 1848, to whose estate letters of administration had been granted, and whose personal property had been actually divided among his next of kin several years ago under the direction of the Court of Chancery.

FRANKS OF GERMAN DUKES.—The example of the Hessian Chamber appears to be contagious. The Diet of the Little Duchy of Hanhalt-Coethen, in its sitting of the 15th, appointed a commission to inquire into the best means of putting an end to the anomalous situation of the country, the sovereignty of which, in contempt of the constitution, promulgates laws rejected by the Chamber, derisively adding to them the constitutional formula, "The consent of the Diet understood." Meanwhile the affairs of the electorate of Hesse seem to be taking another turn. It is now asserted that the mental state of the Elector has at last led to the interference of the members of the electoral house, who have communicated with the Federal Diet for the purpose of inducing it to declare the incapacity of the sovereign and the necessity of appointing a council of regency. Prince Frederick of Hesse, the heir, is regarded as the probable agent.

BOY'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR 2s.—A CAPITAL "WRITING CASE" for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps, fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencases and Pens, Blotting-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 300,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GORRO, 76, Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—*Advertisement.*

THE BLOOD OF THE HOWARDS.

MR. JUSTICE WILLIAMS, a few days ago, by way of gentle reproof to some suspicious claim of relationship to a duke, which arose in the course of a trial before him, mentioned that he had heard of a Duke of Norfolk who used periodically to ask all his countrymen to an entertainment, until the number reached 4,000, when he found it necessary to discontinue the custom. I am inclined to think the learned judge had not heard the story aright; at least, it differs much from one which was told me many years ago by an intimate friend of the nobleman in question, Charles, eleventh Duke of Norfolk, who died in 1815. His grace, when a young man, conceived the idea of celebrating on the 22nd of August, 1785, the 300th anniversary of the death of his ancestor, the first Duke (of the Howard family), the "Jockey of Norfolk" of Shakspeare, who was killed on Bosworth-field in 1485. With this intention, he proposed to invite to a grand entertainment all male descendants whom he could clearly trace (through the female as well as the male line) to the first duke. He invited many friends (and, amongst others, the father of my informant) to assist him in the somewhat difficult task of carrying out the investigation, which he commenced in the year previous; but as they ran the list in a very short time up to more than 4,000, without seeing the slightest symptom of exhausting the claims, he found himself compelled to abandon the project, and no memorial banquet was given at all. My informant told me that the list of the privileged persons already ascertained included a most unexpected range of positions in life. Of course it comprised a considerable number of peers and persons of elevated rank; but it also went through almost every phase of station in the kingdom. There were many privates belonging to different regiments, and his grace used to assert that he had discovered several of the parties who carried the "awells" of that day in their sedan chairs, to possess in their veins, equally with himself, the blood of the Howards. If I mistake not, his own heir presumptive, the father of his kinsman and successor, Bernard Edward, the twelfth duke, was at that very time a vice merchant. Truly, well might Mr. Justice Williams infer that an individual might possibly count cousins with a duke, and yet not be able to exert much personal distinction.—*Saunders' Correspondent.*

DOUBLE EXECUTION AT STAFFORD.

On Tuesday morning, at eight o'clock, Charles Brough and Richard Hale were executed in front of Stafford Gaol for the crime of wilful murder. The former, who was only twenty-four years of age, murdered an old man of seventy-four, named George Walker, at Bignall-hill, near Audley, on the 27th of July last. The poor old man was a broken-down farmer, and lived in a hut on the verge of a farm of about 120 acres, which he had held for many years as a tenant. His hermit-like life was not forced upon him by necessity, as he had well-to-do friends, who were willing to support him; but he preferred his rude domicile, with a wooden tressel for his couch, and hay for his bed, procuring a scanty subsistence by cultivating a small piece of waste land on which his hovel stood. On the night before the murder a relative had given the old man half-a-crown, and he had also in his possession at the time an old silver watch, which he had purchased from a gamekeeper named Obery, who had chalked up the number (45,177) on a beam in the hovel. When the murder was discovered the old man was found lying at the door of his hut, with his skull very fearfully fractured, evidently by the spoke of a cart wheel, which was found in the hut with blood and hair upon it. It was subsequently ascertained that Brough tried to pawn the watch at Tunstall two days after the murder; and upon being taken into custody and charged with the commission of the crime he made the following statement to a policeman:—"I took the watch from the old man. I'd had a quarrel with my father and he struck me, and I left the house and went to the hut to get a sleep. The old man came to the door but would not let me in, and I struck him with a piece of wood on the head. I don't know if I knocked him down, but I did not think of killing him. He began to call out and I hit him again. I then struck a match and took the watch from him, and left him lying there. It was about midnight. I did it myself; nobody was with me." The other evidence, coupled with the confession, left no doubt of the guilt of the criminal, and Mr. Justice Byles sentenced him to death, on Tuesday, the 6th instant, without hope of mercy.

The other criminal, Richard Hale, was convicted of the murder, at Cosely, of his illegitimate child, Eliza Sillito, aged ten years, in which he was aided and abetted by Cecilia Baker, his paramour, who, though sentenced to death at the same time as Hale, has had a reprieve until she is delivered of the child of which she is at present pregnant. The evidence proved that Hale was in the habit of beating the child. On the 20th of July last it was missing, and some days afterwards the body was found in a gravel pit, in a state of great decomposition, with a handkerchief tied tightly round the neck, her throat having been cut. The evidence of a man, named Jones, who saw the child with the culprit, Hale and Baker, on the day she was missed, and who had withheld his evidence both before the coroner and the magistrate, clearly proved the case, and left no doubt on the minds of the judge or jury that both the man and woman had perpetrated this cold-blooded murder.

Neither of the culprits went to bed during the night, merely lying down for a brief space of time. The Rev. Mr. Vincent remained in prayer with Hale, and the Rev. Mr. Eastman attended to Brough. Both the unhappy men seemed penitent, but Hale persisted to the last in denying his guilt of the crime of which he was convicted. Brough made a full confession (as already mentioned) of having murdered the old man, and acknowledged the justice of his sentence.

The erection of the scaffold was not completed until seven o'clock, at which hour the cross

beam was fixed. At ten minutes past seven Major Thorneycroft, the high sheriff, and Mr. R. W. Hand, under sheriff, proceeded to the gaol. Smith, of Dudley, was the executioner, appointed in this instance to carry out the last sentence of the law. Having been taken to the pining-room Hale and Brough were led in, and submitted to the usual process of pining. Brough was brought out of the hospital, where he had been in consequence of his illness. They were both quiet, and apparently resigned during the process. Hale repeating a prayer aloud after the chaplain. A very few minutes sufficed for this preliminary duty of the executioner, and as the prison clock struck the hour the pining was completed. The funeral knell was sounded, and the burial service read as the procession moved towards the drop. At the foot of the scaffold Mr. Vincent besought Hale most earnestly to confess his crime, if he was guilty. The condemned man, however, adhered to his original statement—that he was innocent.

On mounting the last step of the ladder leading to the scaffold Hale slipped and fell forwards, being evidently in a state of great nervous agitation. One of the warders helped him up, and the culprit, repeating prayerful ejaculations for Divine mercy and forgiveness, took his place beneath the drop. Brough, who had followed, was not so loud in repeating his prayers, but apparently quite as earnest as his wretched companion. Hale's words were "Lord Jesus, receive my soul," "Pardon all my sins," and other pious exclamations were heard at some distance from the place of execution. He continued praying aloud until the drop fell, and all was over in this world. The ropes having been adjusted round the necks of the miserable men, the signal was given, the bolts withdrawn, and both died without a struggle. After hanging the usual time the bodies were cut down, and were buried in due course close to the spot where the body of Palmer, the poisoner, was interred.

RELIGIOUS INNOVATION IN EDINBURGH.—Last Sunday we understand that a document was read, expressing the unanimous opinion of the Kirk Session of Canongate Church in favour of a change in the form of worship in the church, to the effect of standing at singing and kneeling at prayer. The proposed change was recommended by both ministers, and it was intimated that a meeting of the congregation would be called with the view, if possible, of securing unanimity on the subject.—*Courier.*

LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.—"I have to report," writes Mr. James Riches, of Pall Mall, Norfolk, "the following gallant services of the life-boat stationed at this place belonging to the national institution. About twelve o'clock on the night of the 22nd instant a vessel came on shore on Pall Mall beach. It was blowing a gale of wind from the north-east at the time, with a very heavy sea on. The crew of the life-boat were at once mustered, and, with great difficulty (after having had to launch the life-boat three times), succeeded in reaching the wreck and in taking off the shipwrecked crew, six in number. When brought on shore they were in a very exhausted condition. The vessel proved to be the schooner Idas, of Dantzic, bound from that port to Dunkirk, with seed. The cost of the life-boat and her carriage, together with a sum to provide for her future maintenance, amounting in all to the sum of £2,000, was presented to the National Life-boat Institution by the firm of Oama and Co., Parsee merchants of Bombay, in acknowledgment of their success in business since their establishment in London in 1855."

GROSS CRUELTY TO A FOX.—At the Hyde Petty Sessions, Thomas Henry Harrison, landlord of the Globe Inn, Hyde, and J. Elchells, were charged on an information laid by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with torturing a fox. It appears that on the 21st ult. the defendant Harrison got up a fox hunt near Hyde, which was attended by such cruelty that a paragraph got into a local paper in condemnation of what had been done, and was subsequently noticed by the *Field*, and this ultimately led to the above society sending an agent down to Hyde, and the present prosecution. Mr. Lord, after opening the case at length, called, amongst others, William Timperley, an officer of the above society, who said that in consequence of information he had received he went to the Globe Hotel, Hyde, on the 10th inst., and there saw the defendant Harrison. Observing that his finger was bandaged, witness asked him what was the matter, when he replied a fox had bitten him. Afterwards, in conversation, Harrison said he had bought a fox for 15s two or three weeks ago, from a man named Hague, to have a hunt with, and the fox was produced. Its off hind leg was hanging and dangling down. The fibres and sinews were both visible, and its tail and toly were covered with coagulated blood. The leg was partly bound round, and it looked as if it had been chopped with a knife or some sharp instrument. Harrison said that he had had a nice bit of fun with the fox on the previous Monday, for when he turned him out he had only three legs, having broken his leg two or three days before the hunt; and he acknowledged that the fox had thus been turned out that he might be caught by the dogs, because he did not like to lose the fox. Samuel Mason, an overlooker at Hyde, proved that he was at the hunt. The fox ran on three legs, one of the hind legs dangling as the fox ran. When it had run the length of two or three fields the dogs came up, but they dared not face it. The defendants then went and lifted him up and brought him back, and then Elchells again turned him off, and there was another hunt. Elchells then caught the fox by the tail, and carried him back to Harrison's house. Mr. Ellison, in defence, said the animal was a wild animal, and when turned loose it was not unlawful within the Act to hunt it. Harrison was fined £5, or to be imprisoned for two months with hard labour; and Elchells £2 and costs, or two months with hard labour.—*Manchester Courier.*

Varieties.

THE world has a million roosts for a man, but only one nest.

WHAT does a glazier get when he breaks his own work?—His labour for his pains.

WHAT do we seek redress for?—Injuries.

WHERE do we find it?—In juries.

WHY is a lover like a knucker?—Because he is bound to a door (adore).

IF a man marry a shrew, are we to suppose he is shrewed?

A PUN WITH AN IRISH ACCENT.—"Hood described a good church as 'a piety parsonified.'"

WHAT is that which has got feet and nails, but no legs, toes, or claws?—A yard measure.

"I THINK I now see a new feature in this case," as the lawyer said when his client informed him that he had plenty of money.

AN Irishman was challenged to fight a duel, but declined upon the plea that he did not wish to "have his old mother an orphan."

SHUT UP.—A shopkeeper generally shuts up at sunset. His wife isn't apt to "shut up" before she falls to sleep.

DIFFERENT SEAS.—It is manifestly impossible that two bishops should row in the same boat, for the reason that they are in different seas.

A ELEGANT BIT.—A Vermont lady having had her husband imprisoned for four years for bigamy, is now petitioning for divorce. This uses him up.

DANGEROUSLY WELL.—Lord Byron, in reference to a lady he thought ill of, writes:—"Lady has been dangerously ill; but it may console you to learn that she is dangerously well again."

DIAGNOSES, being asked which beast's bite was the most dangerous, replied, "If you mean wild beasts, 'tis the slanderer's; if tame ones, the flatterer's."

GOOD GIRLS.—Some kind little milliners have, out of their scant earnings, subscribed, we observe, in aid of the victims at Warsaw. This is, indeed, a pretty illustration of the needle being true to the Po'e.

CONSOLATION.—Handel used to console his friends when, previous to the curtain being drawn up, they lamented that the house was so empty, by saying, "Never mind, de music will sound de better."

ARITHMETICAL.—An urchin suffering from the application of the birch said, "Forty rods are said to be a furlong. I know better; let anybody get such a flogging as I have had, and he'll find out that one rod makes an acher."

PHILOSOPHY AT A DISCOUNT.—Nobody giving attention to Diogenes while discoursing of virtue and philosophy, he fell to singing a funny song, and multitudes crowded to hear him. "Ye gods!" he said, "how much more is folly admired than wisdom!" Poor human nature!

LITTLE HOUSE.—A Danish writer speaks of a hovel so miserable that it didn't know which way to fall, and so kept standing. This is like the man that had such a complication of diseases that he did not know what to die of, and so lived on.

FOR THE PROOF-READER.—In consequence of the illegible writing, printers sometimes sadly pervert the author's meaning. A very popular authoress, speaking of her heroine as "enjoying more indulgences than usually fall to the lot of her sex," wrote the sentence so badly that it appeared as "usually fall to the lot of horses."

AMERICA IN A NUTSHELL.—An Irishman, in describing America, said, "I am told that ye might roll England thru it, an' it wouldn't make a dint in the ground; there's fresh water oceans inside that ye might drown Ould Ireland in; an' as for Scotland, ye might stick it in a corner, an' ye'd liver be able to find it out except it might be by the smell o' whisky."

KNOWLEDGE of the world is regarded as an useful, if not an elegant, accomplishment, but this advantage, like every other good, is mixed with some alloy; the acute observer of men and manners cannot but be disgusted with the scenes that take place around him, and his knowledge may at last have the effect of souring his own disposition.

SHARP REPLY.—A lady, being ill, sent for a physician, and on his leaving the room presented him a fee of two guineas. This she repeated several times, and one day she gave him a single guinea. This by some accident fell upon the floor, when the doctor picked it up, and turning to the lady with a significant look, said, "Madam, I believe I have dropped a guinea." "No, doctor," replied the lady smartly, "'twas I who dropped the guinea."

HARD ON THE BOYS.—King Charles II, on a certain time paying a visit to Dr. Busby, the doctor strutted through his school with his hat on his head, while his Majesty walked complacently behind him, with his own hat under his arm; but when he was taking his leave at the door, the doctor, with great humility, thus addressed the King:—"I hope your Majesty will excuse my want of respect; hitherto; but if my boys were to imagine there was a greater man in the kingdom than myself I should never be able to rule them."

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